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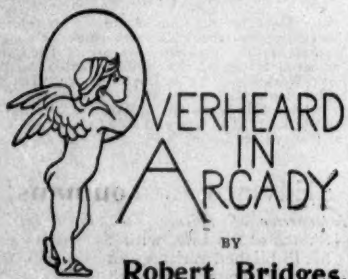
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The Critic

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Mrs. Humphry Ward

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has once more proved the intellectual equality of the sexes. How few of those who knew anything of the brilliant Arnold family, singularly masculine in the range of their talents and peculiar aptitudes, could ever have divined that a latter-day George Eliot would come out of their midst.

Mary Augusta Arnold was born at Hobart, Tasmania, forty-three years ago on the 11th of next June. She is the eldest child of "Tom" Arnold, himself the second son of



the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby. Her mother, *née* (Julia) Sorell, was the granddaughter of the first Governor of Tasmania, and a most beautiful and cultured woman, to whom Mrs. Humphry Ward owes much of her feminine keenness of perception. This lady died only four years ago, and was one of the very few who from the first believed in the future of "Robert Elsmere."

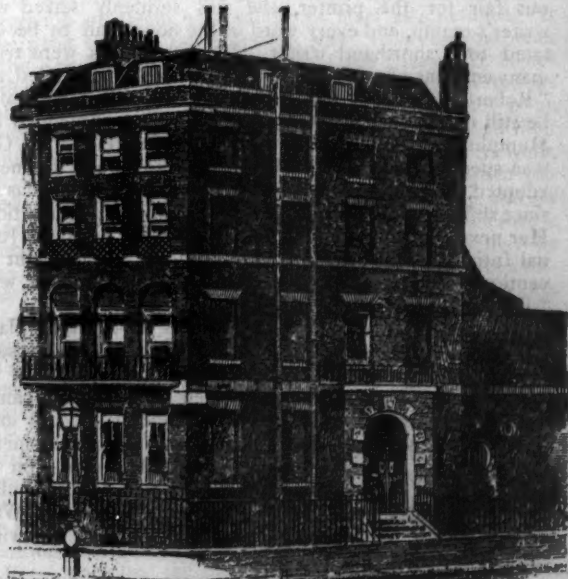
The subject of my sketch, though she sometimes laughingly alludes to her Australian birth-soil, has but the vaguest recollections of that English colony; for she accompanied her parents to England when she was but five years of age, her father obtaining and holding collegiate posts, first in Birmingham, then in Dublin, of which University he is a Fellow (and where he now resides), and at Oxford. To Mrs. Ward the latter town was indeed an *alma mater*. Long before the days of Higher Education for Women, she absorbed, through the circumstances of her family surroundings, all the influences which go to make British university life. The granddaughter of a famous Oxonian, the daughter of a professor whose restless straining after theological truth has led him, through many strange paths, to take final refuge in the Roman Catholic Church, Miss Mary Arnold, as she then was, found herself the centre of a clever group of scholars; her slight, graceful figure, dark hair and eyes, and intense earnestness of expression, forming an exceedingly pleasing whole; Mark Pattison, Dr. Jowett of Balliol, Prof. Freeman, Green, the historian of the English People, all predicted a great future for the young girl.

Like George Eliot, her early reputation was that of a scholar rather than a student of human nature. She was a marvellous linguist, versed in German, French, Spanish and Italian literature. Indeed, it was at one time reported, and I believe with truth, that, when only eighteen, she was selected to examine the papers sent in, in connection with a Spanish literature University prize. Yet none of those who met her

taking part freely in the many little gaieties that are a feature of Oxford life, would have taken the fair English maiden to be anything but an exceptionally cultivated and well-bred girl, full of the enthusiasm and charming ignorance of youth.

At the age of twenty she became engaged to Mr. Thomas Humphry Ward, then a Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College. The young people had many tastes in common, and their union has proved a very happy one; for even now they are seldom met apart in London society, and Mr. Ward has earned for himself a permanent place in English literature by his "Reign of Queen Victoria," and as editor of the English Poets. He has also been, for many years, the art-critic of the London *Times*, and is said to be one of the best leader-writers attached to the staff of that paper.

The Humphry Wards spent the first nine years of their married life in Oxford, and none of her friends were surprised when Mrs. Ward began to contribute articles on old Spanish history, and other historical themes, to the more serious magazines of the day. She spent many hours studying in the Bodleian Library, making for a time the memorials of the Visigoths her special subject; but her first serious work was done in connection with Smith and Wace's "Dictionary of Christian Biography." There is little doubt that this greatly prepared the way to the writing of her famous theological novel, for, although her contributions to the Dictionary fill less than a hundred pages of the letter-press, the amount of reading and study it involved was enormous, and led her mind into new channels of thought and religious experience.



MRS. WARD'S HOUSE IN GROSVENOR SQUARE

It would be impossible to over-estimate the value of this workmanlike training, which contributed much to the success of her essays in fiction. This early effort in serious literature also gave her the habit of considering no time ill-spent which bettered and gave finish to her work: thus, she often rewrites a page twenty times before she is satisfied with the result, and every incident is thought out as carefully as the main characteristics of the book she has in hand.

Till twelve years ago Mrs. Ward had never even thought of writing a line of fiction; and who can tell but that the change to impersonal London from homely Oxford may have had something to do with developing her creative faculty. It was after her removal to London that she first began to sign her articles "M. A. W."; but her two most notable utterances were unsigned, being erudite articles concerning modern Spanish literature and modern Geneva, which appeared in *The Quarterly Review*—a publication that has boasted of but few lady contributors in its long and distinguished career.

To those who first knew Mrs. Humphry Ward as the writer of novels with a purpose, it has come as a surprise to hear that her first essay in fiction was a simple little child's story, entitled "Milly and Olly." This study of child-life is full of charming and delicate touches, and shows how thoroughly the granddaughter of Arnold of Rugby understands little folk. She has very decided views on the training of the young, and considers that the children of well-to-do parents are often worse off in the matter of careful religious teaching than those of their poorer neighbors. It will astonish some of her readers when they learn that her own children are extraordinarily well-grounded in both the Old and New Testament history. Mrs. Ward is reverent by nature, and deeply impressed with the fundamental necessity of religion. Her children are taught all that their mother considers best in each form of orthodoxy, and this peculiar mode of education has certainly succeeded, for they are charming and well-bred young people, devoted to their mother and suffering from no apparent excess of learning.

Mrs. Ward's first novel, "Miss Bretherton," a feminine study said to have been inspired by the career of Miss Mary Anderson, was written almost entirely in the old-fashioned house in Russell Square near the British Museum, so closely connected with all the writer's first literary triumphs. Then, as now, Mrs. Ward wrote and studied every moment of her spare time, but before "Miss Bretherton" was written out fair for the printer, she was suddenly seized with writer's-cramp, and every word of the novel had to be dictated to a shorthand writer. Many remedies were tried, many eminent physicians consulted, but nothing availed, and "Robert Elsmere," "David Grieve" and "Marcella" might be still unborn, were it not that a friend recommended Mr. Humphry Ward to take his wife to see the well-known German specialist, Herr Julius Wolff. He did so, and the means adopted, though painful, proved successful, for she has not since suffered from that most distressing of nervous affections. Her next serious work was a translation of Amiel's "Journal Intime"; and then, not discouraged by the slight reception awarded to "Miss Bretherton," she began to write "Robert Elsmere."

Mrs. Humphry Ward, though she has a singularly placid and dignified expression, has inherited, together with some of his most striking facial characteristics, not a little of the poetry of her famous uncle, Matthew Arnold. She cannot do good creative work unless she is undisturbed, and amid healthy rustic surroundings. The bulk of "Robert Elsmere" was written in a lovely house situated at Haslemere on the Surrey hills. Gabled and many-windowed, the birthplace of "Robert Elsmere" is an ideal English home, Mr. Ward having spared neither time nor money to make his wife's country retreat a little paradise.

Mrs. Ward cannot be said to have any special methods of work. Still, it is impossible for the mother of a family to bury herself in a Carlylean solitude, and so, though she prefers the morning hours, she writes when and how she can. "Robert Elsmere" was commenced in 1885, but the writing and revision occupied the author nearly three years, and the manuscript underwent many changes, three hundred pages being finally cut out—no easy task when we consider how carefully each incident and description was thought out with reference to what was to follow. Those who wish to know what Surrey is like cannot do better than turn to the famous novel, for there they will find some of the most

delightful descriptions of hill and down scenery ever written.

The fashion in which "Robert Elsmere" was received by both critics and public is now a matter of ancient history, and, though Mr. Gladstone's elaborate criticism of the book in *The Nineteenth Century* undoubtedly stimulated the sale, it did not make it, for the novel had previously achieved a success unknown since the days of the publication of "Adam Bede."

Mrs. Humphry Ward is of a remarkably modest and retiring disposition, and though she has lived in the London world for many years, was known by sight to but few of those who were present when she was given the place of honor at the Society of Authors' Annual Dinner, two years ago. Devoted to her father, she generally spends her rare holidays in Dublin, where she has many friends. The present London home of the Wards is situated in Grosvenor Square, and they have exchanged their Surrey cottage for the beautiful old country house of Stocks (near Tring), an estate mentioned in Domesday Book, and celebrated in the annals of both Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire (for the dividing line between the two counties runs through the garden) as the birthplace of the poet Waller. In the garden is a huge tree, whose girth is forty-three feet; near its base is a niche cut into it for a seat, and it is there, according to local tradition, that Waller wrote much of his best verse. Though within an hour of London, Stocks is buried in a belt of beautiful country; and whenever she can take a few days' rest, the novelist finds refuge there from the bustle of London life.

Those who best know Mrs. Ward declare that the great interests of her life are in the curious missionary settlement of University Hall, started by her and a group of friends some three or four years ago. Although confessedly more or less inspired by the example of Toynbee Hall, unlike that and similar organizations, Mrs. Humphry Ward's experiment is entirely without sectarian attachment. Its promoters consider that orthodoxy, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, has been undermined by the new social upheavals, and that a more popular form of religious teaching is required. It is hoped that this want will be supplied by the Hall; for, as the Foundress wrote in the preliminary circular:—"The Society will aim rather at representing a school of thought than any particular religious body of the present day. * * * Men want the help of their fellowmen, they need to feel themselves members one of another, heirs of a common hope and faith. It is in the desire of doing something to meet this need among those who are still wandering and drifting without the direction or help that comes from associated life, that the scheme has been suggested."

Among the widely different men and women who meet there on common ground may be mentioned the Rev. Stopford Brooke, the Earl of Carlisle, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, the Rev. James Martineau, the Dowager Countess Russell, Dr. Blake Rogers and James Drummond. This group of people—guided and inspired by the novelist—are making a gallant effort to better the condition of those who come from far and near in the hope of gaining spiritual comfort and assistance from these unconventional leaders of religious thought.

J. S. STEELE

Literature

Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier

A History of My Time. Edited by the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, translated by Charles E. Roche. Vol. I., 1789-1810. Charles Scribner's Sons.

CHANCELLOR PASQUIER, who was also one of the Forty Immortals, hesitated before choosing the title for his production. "Memoirs" would not have been accurate, since he did "not fill a sufficiently important place in the lengthy narrative"; on the other hand, "history" would have been too pretentious, as his main object was to place matters in a truer light for the future historian, and he consequently passed over many episodes which had already been described fully and accurately. The editor has solved the problem by using the double title, *History and Memoirs*. This gives a clue to the method

in which the book was written. The autobiographical element is at times predominant, at others it fades out of view so completely that page after page reads as objectively as Fyffe's excellent History of Modern Europe.

Pasquier was born in 1767, at a time when the political horizon was becoming forebodingly black with the clouds of the impending storm. He was brought up amidst those forces that produced the greatest social cataclysm the world has ever seen. His mother being a friend of Rousseau's, some of the philosopher's vagaries about education were tried upon the youthful Pasquier—to his great suffering, as is mournfully admitted. According to the custom of a century when experience was deemed of more pedagogical value than study, Pasquier became, in his twentieth year (1787), a councillor of that ancient and respected legal body, the Parliament of Paris. Two years later, the States-General met for the first time in one hundred and seventy-five years. Pasquier was present at the opening, and saw, in spite of the pomp surrounding royalty, "the passing away of the old régime." He was also present at the taking of the Bastille—according to him, a much less dramatic and important event than is usually supposed. As a former member of the Parliament of Paris, he was especially an object of suspicion in the eyes of the revolutionists. Twice he was arrested, his life being saved the second time merely by the passing away of the Reign of Terror, consequent upon the fall of Robespierre. Notwithstanding the intense mental torture of these years, he refused to leave France, for he condemned the action of the *émigrés* in leaving the field free for the revolution. The most graphic page is that describing the King's execution, an event causing deepest sorrow in the Pasquier household:—"My father and I sat opposite each other all morning buried in our grief, and unable to utter a word. We knew that the fatal procession was wending its way by the boulevards. Suddenly a somewhat loud clamor made itself heard. I rushed out under the idea that perhaps an attempt was being made to rescue the King. How could I do otherwise than cherish such a hope to the very last? On reaching the goal, I discovered that which I had heard was merely the howling of raving madmen who surrounded the vehicle. I found myself sucked in by the crowd which followed it, and was dragged away by it, and, so to speak, carried and set down at the scaffold's side. So it was that I endured the horror of this awful spectacle."

The anarchic disorder of the Directory led him to look upon the Coup d'État of the 18th Brumaire as auspicious for France:—"I looked upon Napoleon as the only possible and necessary man, as our only security against the return of a revolution, the mournful remembrance of which was ever present." Since the Revolution, Pasquier had been in voluntary idleness, extremely distasteful to so active a nature; and, although he still preferred the Bourbons, he judged it his duty to his country to reënter public life. As in the case of many other noblemen, this resolution was temporarily given up after the high-handed seizure of d'Enghien at Ettenheim, and his execution at Vincennes. After the battle of Austerlitz, his scruples disappeared, and Cambacères, one of the compilers of the Napoleonic Code, obtained for him the position of a *Maitre de Requêtes*. Later, after the fall of Fouché and Dubois, he received the important position of Prefect of police, and this position he was occupying in 1812, when this volume closes.

The earlier part of the work—before the appearance of Napoleon—is, in the main, personal, and will be of little use to the historian. Pasquier's opinions of the Revolution must be read very sceptically, for he was an intense opponent of it, and is "convinced that without it France would be richer and stronger than she is to-day." He does not belong to that group of men, among whom Senator Lodge justly places Gouverneur Morris, "who alone were able to record clear and dispassionate judgments, in that dizzy time, for the benefit of posterity." Nor is this strange, for when a man's father is guillotined and his mother dies of the effects thereof, we

do not expect him to treat the perpetrators of these deeds with impartiality. Of the period after the treaty of Campo-Formio, the account is much fuller and more impartial, and consequently of much more value. Especially important is his account of the Pichegru-Cadoudal conspiracy and the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. From his position and his intimacy with those surrounding Napoleon, he is able to give an inside account of many events of these troubled times. We learn from his pages how France was administered under Napoleon, and have more and more cause to wonder at the stupendous energy of Europe's conqueror. His estimate of the men of this period is impartial, though some venom appears in the case of Talleyrand. His opinion of Fouché is equally severe, but more just. Every page is of interest, and the translation, on the whole, good, though here and there a Gallicism crops out. The second volume, dealing with the disastrous Russian campaign and subsequent events, has just been received and will be noticed shortly.

The American Navy

A History of the United States Navy, from 1775 to 1893. By Edgar Stanton Maclay. Vol. 1. D. Appleton & Co.

THE TITLE STAMPED on the outside of this volume—as relatively portly and handsome as a new steel battleship—will probably seem less modest to the European than that printed on the title-page. Outwardly, the "hail" of this new craft, appropriately dressed in sea-blue and gold, with metallic bronze figure-head, is "History of the Navy." As a matter of course, to the American mind, the Navy of the world is that of the United States. When, however, the book stands on the shelves of a library, it looks as though it might be a history of some other navy than that which won its first and greatest fame in plucking scores of British flags from their mast-heads.

This first volume, to which we are promised a companion in May, deals with the age of wood and sails. It has no suggestion of steam as a motor or steel as a defence. It covers the story of the American Navy from the outbreak of the Revolution down to the loss of the Essex. It is not philosophic, but realistic. Its bulk is given to descriptions of battles, and some of these are, unless the author is an emissary of the Peace society, unnecessarily detailed in their minutiae of slaughter on deck and of horrors in the cock-pit. Certainly, the details of the sanguinary duel between the United States and the Macedonian are highly horrible, and are in place, if intended as an argument for peace; otherwise a visit to the Chicago pork-dressers' establishments may be mentioned as a rival blood curdler and substitute. As a history of the Navy, without detracting any of the praise which belongs to J. Fenimore Cooper, Mr. Maclay's work is as vastly superior to the one-volume "Naval History" which stands on our shelves as we write, as "the Pride of the Navy," the New York, excels the old Constitution. The introductory chapter surveys the state of opinion in England, and shows how mistaken the English are to this day in regard to the reasons why our frigates and brigs used to reduce their superb men-of-war to fire-wood so quickly. Mr. James has so long fed the British imagination and historic consciousness, that we fear that Mr. Maclay's volume will have slight effect in piercing the hippopotamus-like hide of prejudice. Presumable evidence that the British government does not, as yet, want all the facts known, is shown in its refusal to allow Mr. Maclay access to its naval archives. On the contrary, the French Minister of Marine gave him every facility, the consequence being that we have in this volume not only the best narrative of our war with France at the opening of this century, but, indeed, the only account which approaches the status of science.

Opening with a luminous account of the reasons for the growth of the United States as a maritime nation, he shows that in its naval inheritances, as in nearly every other legacy, the United States is not a New England, but a New Europe. The Spaniard, the Portuguese, the French and the Dutch

gave us not only their vocabulary of sea-terms, but their traditions of exploration, valor and enterprise. Before the era of gun-powder, the ships' decks rose loftily out of the water, but the introduction of cannon lowered the timber walls and swept away the stern-towers, while later the use of shells and rifle-cannon made the target surface as low as possible. Already the submarine fortress is no longer a curiosity. In the American Revolution, our ships won renown not only in home waters, but even the coasts of England were shadowed by our privateers and war-ships. When the late Prof. Edward A. Freeman spent a night at the house of the reviewer, he asked to see an American school map of England. His disgust, on seeing a little flag with reference to the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis and the Scotsman whom the English to this day persist in calling a "pirate," was as amusing as it was great. Although Paul Jones was a regularly commissioned officer in the United States Navy, it seems to "heal the hurt which honor feels" to call him a "pirate." About eight hundred vessels of all kinds were captured from the British during the Revolutionary War, while "the total number of Continental vessels lost during the Revolution, by capture, wreck, etc., was twenty-four." So Mr. Maclay states, but it is evident that he has not read carefully the Dutch and English accounts of the capture of St. Eustatius, which was our great basis of supplies during the Revolution. We are disposed to criticise the blending together, as Mr. Maclay does, the story of the two wars with France and those with Tripoli. His sense of literary proportion might have been injured by doing otherwise, but the two matters are totally distinct, and ought to have been kept so. Nevertheless, they are brilliantly described, and his chapters really tell a new tale. In that early school of the American Navy—the classic waters of the Mediterranean—our officers and men received that practical training and discipline which active service alone can give. Indeed, looking back from this day, we are, on the whole, rather thankful to those professional thieves who made piracy a matter of both politics and revenue. It seems quite certain that the training of Bainbridge, Decatur, Rodgers and others prepared them to strike that sudden and stunning blow in the naval campaign of 1812, which, in the American mind at least, annihilated British prestige.

The author's narrative of the War of 1812-15 seems impartial and shows clearly that the victories won in our second war for Independence were those which superior ships, men and guns can give over those which are inferior. We do not say that the British sailor was necessarily inferior to the American, either in physical or moral courage. This would be absurd. But, from another point of view, the freemen who trod the triumphant decks of the Constitution and the Essex were, in one respect, distinctly superior to their enemy. Accustomed to long and almost uninterrupted victories over French and Spanish enemies, the average English officer had become a veritable bully. His dominant idea in a naval duel was a "yard-arm engagement." After the first heavy cannonading and carronading, he was accustomed to run his ship alongside and to grapple and board. In the art of manœuvring his vessel, in the finer points of gunnery and in the ability to keep his match blown without firing until the exact and most destructive moment arrived, he was distinctly the inferior of his American rival. The author shows, what all Americans who have studied the English Navy closely know, that since that famous naval campaign which had a tendency to raise the price of bunting in England, the British Admiralty was the sincerest admirer and closest imitator of American methods and improvements, in all Europe. Even in the matter of ship-hygiene, our captains could give points to the British commanders.

To our sincere praise of the general merits of the work, we must add our hearty commendation of Mr. J. O. Davidson, the artist, who knows our ships, especially the older ones, as no other artist knows them. It is simply a delight to one who has paid attention to details of old ship architecture, to see how accurate and conscientiously careful Mr.

Davidson has been. The diagrams also are of exceptional clearness. Nor must we forget a cordial word of praise for Lieut. Roy P. Smith, who has given technical revision to Mr. Maclay's manuscript, though we are grateful that the landsman-author has used nautical terms with an economy that will commend itself to his dry-footed brethren.

Tolstoi on Non-Resistance

The Kingdom of God is Within You; Christianity Not as a Mystic Religion, but as a New Theory of Life. Translated from the Russian of Count Leo Tolstoi, by Constance Garnett. The Cassell Pub. Co.

COUNT TOLSTOI undertakes finally to explain his religion in a thorough way, and the primary principle of his system is non-resistance. To a wearisome extent he quotes in the earlier chapters from the "American Quakers," from William Lloyd Garrison's declaration of non-resistance, from Dymond's writings, from a manuscript work of the Helchitski, a Tsech of the fourteenth century; from Adin Ballou, and from Musser and others. He then proceeds to answer the criticisms which have been made on his teachings by Farrar and others; but, to our mind, his answers are only restatements without argument. The churches and the civil governments are arraigned by him for being thoroughly against the doctrine of Christ. Even the men of science are called to order for their inferences from the theory of evolution. War, says Tolstoi, is utterly against progress; moreover, it is inhuman, ungodly, un-Christian; and the Christian conscience, rightly educated, is utterly opposed to fighting of any sort. Thus far our propagandist has propounded his speculative doctrine, and, so far as the rest of the world is concerned, he might be left in peace. What follows is practical. He attacks the custom of compulsory military service. He calls it slavery to the government, and summons all men to refuse to serve in the armies of their own countries. This is serious; but he goes farther, and advises a refusal to pay taxes, unless the payer knows what is to be done with the money; he also inveighs against payment of duties and imports. All this is urged upon purely religious grounds.

We think that, in the first place, Count Tolstoi has not read his New Testament all through. We think, also, that he has read it unintelligently, and in a grossly literal way. Upon this argument it is not necessary to enlarge. The fountainhead of his error is in considering the individual as the only object of the teachings of Jesus, and as the foundation of the State. In truth, the individual exists civilly only as a fraction of the State. The duties as well as the rights of corporate existence devolve upon him. He has no right to take Count Tolstoi's advice and say, "I will not play, unless you play the game I want." He does have a right to endeavor to make over the social body, by the education of public opinion. From one point of view Tolstoi is perfectly justified in denouncing war, and it is the hope and aspiration of the best men to cause war to cease; but that cessation will never come about by Tolstoi's covenant. It was not the doctrine of Him who said plainly, "I came not to send peace but a sword." The progress of invention and of international communication will some time, perhaps, make war to cease. Appeal to the individual is futile, because war is not an individual matter. To be effectual, the Kingdom of Heaven within must be manifested in some way other than individualism. This much we say of Count Tolstoi's book, because of his name and of his honesty of purpose. His is not a great mind nor a wide one. He is the prey of fads. We ought to feel no great surprise, should he, some day, proclaim himself the New Messiah. To him his own personality is overpowering.

Nevertheless, most people will find this book extremely tedious and long drawn-out. Whatever sympathy readers may have had in the past with the deeply interesting psychology of some of the earlier autobiographical writings of Count Tolstoi, this book, with its long citations, its verbose Jeremiads and baseless denunciations, will repel them. It would

seem that the distinguished enthusiast had worked his vein entirely out, and, before beginning this work, had nothing more to say to the living world on the problems, social and religious, of our age. Finally, it may strike some readers that the temper of this argument against resistance somewhat neutralizes the principle which it verbally propounds: the temper is decidedly pugnacious.

A Work on French Literature by an American

Histoire de la Littérature Française. Par Alcide Fortier. H. Holt & Co.

THE AUTHOR of this charming work evidently does not believe with Jean-Jacques that "reading is a scourge of childhood," or, with his "Emile," that "all things issuing from the hands of the Creator are good, and degenerate only in the hands of man." His own reading has been very extensive, and he shows in his successive chapters the continually growing perfection of French literature rather than its predicted degeneracy. This remarkable literary growth might well exemplify the sentence which Montesquieu wrote over the threshold of his "Esprit des Lois":—"prolem sine matre creatam"; for, apparently motherless, a foundling cast among the brawling camps of Celts and Romans, it grew spontaneously in grace and strength, a wonderfully supple Gaul, until the nations recognized a new presence among them, a young athlete built on Roman lines, indeed, but every inch himself in his own individuality; in other words, a literature bright, buoyant and vital, whose brightness and buoyancy are more manifest to-day than ever. Only English literature can at all compare with French in vital continuity, in richness of content, in great works illustrative of every period and every species of literary art. The pedigree of a Japanese jug may be more ancient or may interest the idle connoisseur more, but he who is truly and profoundly touched by the workings of the human mind from obscurity to clearness, from confusion to translucence, from barbarism to serenity, from passion to intellectuality, must study these twin literatures with delight and award the palm to the lady of his choice.

The French have always been what they called *Malherbe*, "tyrants of words and syllables"; that is to say, they have been nationally and instinctively careful in their speech. Concision and elegance may be discovered even in the far-away mysteries, moralities, *sotties* and *chansons de geste* of vanished centuries. The tendency of the nation as a nation has been towards perspicuity and a certain grace which bourgeois, at first timidly in the "Cantilène de Ste. Eulalie," and then exquisitely in "Aucassin et Nicolette," until, far from producing an "impoverished" speech, as Salvini absurdly says of them in his recent *Memoirs*, the French have wrought for themselves an instrument of delicate and terrible power as fitted to flash forth the flaming words of the Cid as to ring out the faintly titillating music of *rondel* and *virolai*.

Prof. Fortier has written a most interesting little duodecimo (shall we call it?) on the subject, well-proportioned, compact, flowing and free from crowded detail—the bane of the usual French literature such as Saintsbury's. In the resolve not to give everything, he gives us something—something that the reader can take away and remember—pretty little pen-pictures of this or that celebrity, sayings of celebrated men and women, discussions of intellectual societies, such as the Rambouillet group, and graphic characterizations, such as those of La Fontaine and Pascal. This is all we want in a text-book for school or general reader: vivacity, accuracy, neither over-much nor over-little, an unfaltering aim and a definite end. Most histories require the exemplary practice of Buffon's definition of genius—"une longue patience": they are thorns in the flesh. Of the Louisiana Professor's little work the contrary is true: it reads itself; the French has no trace of provincialism, and such errors as we have noticed ("il la jetèrent," p. 6; "la palais," p. 21; "les gargon," p. 25; wrong punctuation middle of p. 29; "con-venture," p. 30; "appelait," p. 91; "puissamment," p. 92;

"*filie*," p. 97; "Lilly" for "Lyly," p. 101, etc.) are due to the printer or to imperfect proof-reading. In French literature as a whole we find what Taine found in La Fontaine, "la parfaite union de la culture et de la nature, * * * le seul en qui la greffe latine ait reçu et amélioré toute la sève de l'esprit gaulois."

Micmac Folk-lore

Legends of the Micmacs. By the Rev. Silas Tertius Rand, D.D. (Wellesley Philological Publications.) Longmans, Green & Co.

THE MICMACS ARE a tribe of Indians in Nova Scotia. The Rev. Dr. Rand was a natural linguist, and a missionary among them for many years. He was a prolific writer on the subject of Indian language and religion. His published works, together with the manuscript of this book, were bought by the late Prof. Horsford for the library of Wellesley College, where this volume was prepared by Prof. Helen L. Webster of that institution. There are, in all, eighty-seven legends collected in this fine book, and they are of unequal worth. Neither Dr. Rand nor his editor has seen fit to exercise criticism, or analysis, or synthetic interpretation of these myths and tales. This labor is left to the reader. The work consequently lacks the flavor of the science of folk-lore and of comparative religion. At the same time it may gain in interest to the reader who is not a specialist. The culture hero, and son of the great god of Micmac faith, is Glooscap, who is a more persistently benign character than Apollo, beneficent as the Keltic Gwinidion, and vastly like the Babylonian Marduga, or Merodac. He is also regarded as the divine mediator and a savior of men. In the story of "How the Wizard carries off Glooscap's House-keeper," the "Bon Dieu" of the Micmacs seems something like a buffoon. In the "History of Kitpooseagunow," Glooscap betrays some of the traits of the Greek Herakles. Glooscap's canoe was a granite rock or an island. He never married. He amused himself with creating islands, and with changing the face of the country. When the white men arrived,

"Glooscap, the god-man, sore distressed,
Hid himself in the unknown West,
And the Micmac kindled his wigwam fire
Far from the grave of his child and his sire."

Just what is the relation of this demigod to Niswolk, the Creator, does not come out clearly in this collection of legends. We are struck with the disproportionately large part which the wizard, or *shaman*, plays in all these stories. Even the Omaha myths, which resemble these in many points, do not so often invoke magic and miracle. It is pleasant to meet in these stories the same old friends we knew in India, South Africa, Japan and among the Sioux and other Western brothers. There is "Bre'r Rabbit" and Mrs. Crow and Brothers Bear, Wolf, Weasel, Fox, Marten, Frog, etc. The Rabbit in Micmac, as in Omaha folk-lore, is often just a little too smart, and in the results recalls the mishaps of Reynard de Vos of mediæval Europe. In the Micmac legend it is Megumoooweso who goes through almost the same adventure as the too confident Rabbit in the Omaha myth. The "horned dragon," or snake, which is important in Zuffi and Navajo mythology and ceremonial, appears frequently in these tales of the Micmacs. The Micmac idea of the underworld is the same as that of many primitive peoples—i. e., it is merely a continuation of the life which mortals now lead under the sun: the same dangers, the same wickedness, the same suffering. Fabulous beasts are not wanting to this lore; there is the *culloo*, a gigantic bird like the Arabian roc, the Persian *simurgh* and the griffin that nursed Uther, the father of King Arthur. Then, besides, there are mermaids and intelligent whales, were-wolves, satyrs that are immensely wealthy and generous, and in whose society time passes as it did for Tannhäuser in the halls of Queen Venus beneath the Horsaiberg.

The editor thinks that some of these legends give some of the impressions made on the Indians by the first appearance of the Norsemen, and also by the later arrival of Europeans

with firearms. The Norseman figures in Micmac lore as the *Chenoo*, who is a terrible being to behold and a powerful magician, but unable to endure warm weather, and utterly ignorant of the first principles of religion. In fact, some say that the *Chenoos* are Micmacs transformed by an evil spell. The student of folk-lore and of comparative religion will perceive that this collection of Micmac myths and legends is valuable. It needs, however, to be read with a trained eye that can sift the modern and adventitious from the primitive and essential. There can be little doubt that some of these legends are Indian forms of Biblical stories. The Indians are quick to seize upon the narratives of the Old Testament and put them forth again in their own Indian dress. Only careful critical study will be able to show what parts of these stories are modern inventions, and what part belongs to the aboriginal stock. The myths of the New World are not less important in a scientific way than the myths of the Old, and their affinities are most interesting.

"Horace Chase"

By Constance Fenimore Woolson. Harper & Bros.

MISS WOOLSON'S lamentable death in Florence, a short while ago, lends a pathetic interest to the last novel from her pen, for we are assured that she has left no unpublished manuscripts. When the publication of "Anne" revealed the extent of the force that was latent in its author, her readers rejoiced in the long career of usefulness that seemed to lie ahead of her; and now they have to take leave of her in "Horace Chase," not the best work, as a whole, that she has ever done, but containing the strongest character she has ever depicted. In the Carolina mountains, in the region around Asheville as it was in 1873, before the days of railroads, fine hotels and incessant travel from all parts of the country, we are introduced to Horace Chase, a man of the people—a self-made man in the largest and best sense of that word as applied to an American citizen,—a man of great wealth acquired through his own native shrewdness and his ability to understand his fellow-men and to cope with them. His business is in New York, but his habit of viewing everything in a practical light shows him the possibilities of Asheville, and he decides to invest some of his fortune there. In this way he meets the Franklins, a family of Carolina aristocrats, whose views of life are diametrically opposed to his own. The family consists of the mother, who lives on tradition and in her children, and who insists upon keeping a home in Asheville and one in Florida, though there is no money for either; an only son, Jared, retired from the Navy and entirely incapable of making a living in any other walk of life; his wife, Genevieve, a very charming and very practical woman who thinks it her husband's duty to try at least to make something of himself, and who is, in consequence, incomprehensible to the rest of the Franklins; one daughter, Dolly, a cripple, whose misfortunes have sharpened and intensified her naturally acid nature until she sees no good in anything except the Franklins; and Ruth, a younger sister, lovely to look at, with a disposition so attractive that Horace Chase falls in love with it at once. Ruth tells him that she does not love him in the way he would wish, but he takes her as she is, and they are married.

Chase is not an aristocrat by birth, and Dolly has no faith in him. In spite of the greatness of his nature, showing itself at every turn, and in spite of all that he does for her as well as for Ruth, she waits always for the "common" to come out in him. When the final catastrophe has to be dealt with, Dolly begs Ruth to keep it to herself, for fear of what this common man may do; but Ruth's better nature prevails, and she confesses, with Dolly at her heels, tugging at her skirts and insisting that she must not do it. Ruth is completely exhausted by all that she has been through, and Dolly rushes to help her; but Horace Chase pushes her aside—pushes her aside forever—and picks his wife up in his arms, knowing that in spite of it all he is nearer to happiness at this moment than he has ever been before. The book is charmingly written, and, apart from the unflagging

interest which attaches itself to Ruth and to Chase, there is endless amusement to be derived from the friends of the Franklins, the side-lights of the story, as it were, who are sometimes diverting, sometimes pathetic, but most cleverly sketched and always amusing.

Kaspar Hauser Again

The True Story of Kaspar Hauser. From Official Documents. By the Duchess of Cleveland. Macmillan & Co.

IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED that Mrs. Evans's book on Kaspar Hauser (reviewed in *The Critic* of Feb. 18, 1893), in which she feelingly argues the identity of the strange Nuremberg lad with the mysterious Prince of Baden, would be answered. Mrs. Evans found it necessary, in defending her thesis, to throw aspersions on the Earl of Stanhope, and to connect him with the tragic end of the foundling he had cared for. It is the Earl's daughter, the present Duchess of Cleveland, who now takes up the battle, primarily in defence of her father. To establish her case, she contends that Kaspar is still a mystery, but in no wise related to the Baden scandal of eighty years ago. Her small volume is based on official records—i. e., the Nuremberg testimony of 1829 and 1834 is accepted at its face-value. From this material, Her Grace has not the slightest difficulty in proving untenable the attitude of those who deem Kaspar of princely birth. Mrs. Evans had argued, however, that this testimony was contradictory and that the witnesses had been tampered with. That they were under oath is sufficient for the present author.

A comparison of the two books, point by point, is more exasperating than edifying. In each the personal animus is marked, and the later book closes in a burst of undignified sarcasm. In each, evidence is adduced that is cogent only providing the initial premise be granted. The fact is that both books are faulty. As was pointed out in the notice of the volume by Mrs. Evans, her treatment of the subject was unscientific in the extreme, and her generalizations had no weight because her authorities were not specifically quoted. The present book quotes chapter and verse, but assumes the reliability of all sworn testimony. As to the character of the Earl of Stanhope, it is merely one writer's assertion against another's—one interested in proving the man a knave, the other interested in defending her father. As a matter of fact, the whole question comes down to this: Mrs. Evans did not prove that Kaspar was the Prince; the Duchess of Cleveland does not prove that he was not. The Hauser controversy is futile, unless taken up by some one who is willing and able to treat the matter historically. One thing, however, is shown very clearly: these two books, when read together, afford the strongest possible argument in favor of accuracy and sound reasoning on historical themes. The failure of either writer to establish a case is due to an entire misconception of the nature and value of evidence, and to ignorance of the necessity of making citations cogent.

"Bill Nye's History of the United States"

Illustrated by F. Oppen. J. B. Lippincott Co.

BANCROFT, Prescott, Winsor, Fiske, Palfrey and Hildreth have devoted their lives to the study of certain phases of American history; Parkman, Brinton, Schoolcraft, Drake and others have studied the Indian and his past; each of these historians has laid down his pen and died with the sense of a task unfulfilled, or is still toiling for its completion; but Bill Nye has found time, in the scanty hours of leisure that the lecturer's manager leaves to his slave, to write a work of which this nation may well be proud, and to which posterity will turn as the most reliable and original authority on the birth and growth of the Great Republic. "Bill Nye's History of the United States" shows the author's industry, his fearless search for truth and his deep, philosophical insight into the hidden motives of the human heart. His masterly exposition of the religious squabbles in the Colonies, summarized in the brilliant definition of religious freedom as "the art of giving intolerance a little more room"; his sharp eye for neglected real-estate investments, and his trenchant style combine to make this the standard authority for all time to come. His account of the discovery of New York

is a gem of descriptive writing and a monument to patient research. Said the chief of the Tammany tribe to Hudson, "I suppose you have a power of attorney, of course, for discovering us?" "Yes," said Hudson, "as Columbus used to say when he discovered San Salvador, 'I do it by the right vested in me by my sovereigns.'" "Very good," said the chief, as they jogged down-town on a swift Sixth Avenue elevated train towards the wigwams on 14th Street. * * * "We do not care especially who discovers us, so long as we hold control of the city organization. * * * We will take the departments, such as Police, Street-Cleaning, etc., etc., while you and Columbus get your pictures on the currency and have your graves mused up on anniversaries." Again, the deep wisdom of this observation needs no comment except, possibly, from the champions of Indians' Rights:—"We pause here to ask the question, Why did the pale-face usurp the lands of the Indians without remuneration? It was because the Indian was not orthodox. He may have been lazy from a Puritanical stand-point, and he may also have hunted on the twenty-seventh Sunday after Easter; but still, was it not right that he should have received a dollar or two per county for the United States? No one would have felt it, and possibly it might have saved the lives of innocent people. *Verbum sap.*, however, comes in here with peculiar appropriateness, and the massive browed historian passes on." George Washington is drawn in the documentary method followed by Taine, and recently by M. Lévy, in their studies of Napoleon; there is also a magnificent picture of the crossing of the Delaware, by Mr. Opper, after a celebrated wax group; and of Benjamin Franklin's life and work we learn to understand for the first time the true significance. Mr. Opper's illustrations show the sympathy existing between author and artist; they are also full of fresh information. We learn from them, for instance, how the Mayflower brought over the innumerable pieces of old furniture—cradles, standing clocks, chests-of-drawers, etc.—that are found in the homes of our old families. This review may fitly be closed with a quotation from the chapter devoted to Columbus's discovery, and its earliest result:—"A saloon was at once started, and the first step thus taken toward the foundation of a republic. From that one little timid saloon, with its family entrance, has sprung the magnificent and majestic machine which, lubricated with spoils and driven by wind, gives to every American to-day the right to live under a Government selected for him by men who make that their business."

"Brave Little Holland, and What She Taught Us"

By William Elliot Griffis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

DR. GRIFFIS has added an eminently readable, as well as an instructive, volume to the Riverside Library for Young People. He was among the first students of American history to recognize the significance and importance of the Dutch influence in England and America; he preached the gospel of the new historical creed for many years before the late Douglas Campbell gathered its evidences in his epoch-making Puritan, and insisted that credit should be given where credit was due. Dr. Griffis has not confined himself in this volume to the period of the Reformation, the Eighty Years' War and the Republic of the United Provinces; he has rightly seen that the origins of Dutch political, religious and social institutions must be sought farther back, in the Middle Ages, during which the Low Countries led civilization in the North, as Italy did in the South. Well acquainted with the country and its people as they are to-day, the author holds the attention of his readers—who need not be young to like the book—by excursions from the historic past into the living present, and by digressions that, seemingly irrelevant at first, aid in strengthening and completing the sketch of what brave little Holland taught us of free and popular government. Dr. Griffis is an enthusiastic "Oranje Klant," and defends rather warmly Prince Maurice's course in executing Oldenbarnevelt, demonstrating wherein the old statesman's policy constituted a real danger to the life of the young Republic. The clearness wherewith he indicates to his young readers the birth, in Holland, of many of our liberal institutions, and traces their course of modification through English and American brains, is admirable; the chapters on the Dutch in America are the result of careful original work, embracing the purely English colonies as well as New York and Pennsylvania. Interesting, also, are his short talks on philology, made for the purpose of demonstrating the importance of a knowledge of Dutch to the English philologist. He traces, for instance, our "coney" to its Dutch origin (*conijn*); the root of the word is also found, in a modified form, in the name of the tribe that rose with Claudius Civilis against Rome, the "Kaninefaten," or "Cony-Catchers." The origin of Dutch place-names and their significance is also explained, *dam* losing its startling aspect entirely in the process. Not less interesting than the endings, are the beginnings of these names. In many of them the single letters A, E, or Y occur, each one of them meaning "water." Thus,

Edam, famous for its cheese, is merely a "Waterdam," and the sheet of water forming the harbor of Amsterdam is called the "Y." The old Dutch family-names, van Aa, van der Aa and van Ee, signify "van Water" or "van de Water." The book is well calculated to arouse an interest in the minds of young readers in the history of Holland, and through it in the development of our own country, its laws and institutions. The illustrations are characteristic, and the cover appropriately stamped with the arms of William of Orange. The author might have found place, however, for the names of Marnix van St. Aldegonde and Blois van Treslong, beside those of van der Mark, Brederode and Boissot. It is a pity that Dr. Griffis did not get a Hollander to pass upon the spelling of Dutch names in his valuable little book.

Fiction

"A DAUGHTER OF THIS WORLD," by Fletcher Battershall, is an ambitious attempt to draw the portrait of a scheming priest who tries to bring every one within his narrow world under the influence of an indomitable and evil will. Betrayed in early life by the woman he loved, he entered the Church, and thereafter, with a bitterness and intensity of egoism bordering on insanity, he set himself to destroy the happiness of all about him. This was done under the cloak of religious enthusiasm. The chief objects of these machinations were a beautiful young girl and her misanthropic father. Aside from the oppressive atmosphere of the book, which is heavy and close with controversial discussions that are not learned enough to be interesting and are too frequent and belong too much to the development of the plot to be avoided, the study of the priest's character is so repellent that the story is anything but an agreeable one. In his indomitable determination and his insensibility to personal suffering so long as he is furthering his design, he recalls the character of the priest in "The Wandering Jew"; and the scene in the garden, when he unflinchingly endures the sting of the bees that are lighting on his head and face while he is waiting for his rebellious pupil to accompany him, reminds one very sensibly of that scene in "The Wandering Jew," where the priest, in the agonizing intervals of being burnt with blisters for the cholera, summoned up the superhuman force to carry on by dictation a ruinous and Jesuitical warfare against half the people in the story. Notwithstanding the glimpses of power displayed here and there, the book is not one we should willingly read, nor do we think its line one that a new author, as Fletcher Battershall undoubtedly is, would do well to pursue. The world is full of unhealthfulness, but it takes a master to present such questions as are here discussed, with any degree of usefulness to the reader or advancement to the author himself. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THERE ARE FEW better critical books than Mr. Matthews's account of the French theatres and playwrights. "Pen and Ink" has delighted many a fireside hour in essays in divertissement, and there be some who recall the work of "Arthur Penn." But as a story-teller Mr. Brander Matthews is not a success. Epigrammatic at times, his English is always of the best and most virile, but his accomplishment has never won more than a *succès d'estime*. To a writer of short stories this French phrase spells "failure." We record our judgment of his latest collection of short stories, "A Family Tree," with regret, for he has done much for the cause of sweetness and light in our community and we crave for him that meed of popular fame which he would fain have. We believe he would rather stand in gaudy binding (full gilt) beside the family Bible and the complete works of E. P. Roe, on ten million chimney-pieces of the undiscriminating masses, than repose, decked in the crushed levant livery of the connoisseur, a tall copy, within the faintly odorous shelves of a Sherraton shrine. Who was it remembered that old Nero would be a fiddler? (Longmans, Green & Co.)—WE HAVE read several of Mr. Archibald Claverling Gunter's books, but none which illustrates the limitations of his attainments so well as "A Princess of Paris." When a writer makes a heroine of a "lady type-writer," he may be expected to mould his tale in crass vulgarity. There will be many a young woman who will read and sigh and approve all the way from Harlem to Hanover Square. For her was composed "Baron Montez," but to-day Mr. Gunter seems to bid for approval in competition with Messrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, Conan Doyle, Stanley J. Weyman and Quiller-Couch—those charming contemporary writers of the historical novel. He has chosen an excellent field in the France of the Orleans Regency, and for a central figure that daring speculator, John Law, about whom so much of romance gathers, and the crash of whose bank, years before even the tulip craze of Holland or the English South Sea Bubble, has left a mark in economic history beside which the Panama scandals will find a place. Any one of the writers we have mentioned, not to speak of their great Masters, Dumas and Scott, could have made of old Jean Lafit (as the French called him) a

book to delight 'he heart; but, although Mr. Gunter has the undoubted knack of telling a story, his reckless disregard of the unities, or even of grammar, his cheap sensational effects in the display of capital letters, as well as his inherent vulgarity, combine to destroy any illusion one may strive to maintain for the sake of the *milieu*. Shade of d'Artagnan, imagine a Colonel of France "jolly" a Count of the Empire on being a "farmer," and receiving the retort that he himself is a "high-roller"! None will gainsay your sonorous *Mordieu* at such incongruity. (Home Publishing Co.)

"THE PIRATE" forms Vols. XXIV. and XXV. of the International Edition of Scott's works. Mr. Andrew Lang confesses in his introduction that the story "can scarcely be placed in the front rank of Scott's novels, but it has a high and peculiar place in the second, and probably will always be among the special favorites of those who, being young, are fortunate enough not to be critical." "Sir Walter's Diary," he says elsewhere, "read in company with 'The Pirate,' offers a most curious study of his art in composition. It may be said that he scarcely noted a natural feature, a monument, a custom, a superstition, or a legend in Zetland and Orkney, which he did not weave into the magic web of his romance. In the Diary all these matters appear as very ordinary; in 'The Pirate' they are transfigured in the light of fancy." Scott gathered the material for this story, which he composed in 1821, during a tour with the Commissioners of Light-Houses, in August, 1814, immediately after the publication of "Waverley." They were accompanied by Mr. Stevenson, the celebrated engineer and grandfather of the author of "Kidnapped." This gentleman's diary, we learn from Mr. Lang, will be published by Robert Louis Stevenson. The ten etchings in these two volumes are by H. R. Robertson, C. J. Holmes, F. S. Walker, H. W. Batley, H. Macbeth Raeburn, Herbert Dicksee and W. Strang. (New York: Bryan, Taylor & Co.)

IN SPITE of Miss M. E. Braddon's arduous labors in the past, and the long list of novels that would seem to grant a respite from the emotional strain that her stories must inflict upon her, she still continues to write them with all her early fervor, and all their harrowing suffering. This is proved by her latest story, "All Along the River," whose commonplace title gives slight clue to all the unhallowed struggles within. As usual with this author, the story is of two people who loved not wisely but too well, and who, like Paolo and Francesca of old, paid the penalty of death for their moments of unsanctioned love. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—FOUR BOOKS, all written by women, issued by the same publishers, bound in the same kind of binding, and belonging to the same series, are also similar in construction. Their English is usually correct, and their style often crisp and taking, and they are put together with the exactness of machine work. The first one is "My Child and I," by Florence Warden—a sentimentally sensational story not to be compared to the first book of this writer's. The second is "A Third Person," by B. M. Croker—a tolerably bearable account of the vanities and shams of this world; this, also, inferior to its author's other works. The next is called "A Tragic Blunder," and is by Mrs. Lovett Cameron, the opening chapters of whose stories disclose a misunderstanding which the last pages show happily corrected. In the present instance, some extraordinary deaths allow her characters to marry happily in the end. The fourth and last of these books is called "Paynton Jacks, Gentleman," and is by Marion Bower. It is somewhat superior to the others, having now and then a gleam of humor and a decided brevity of style. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—ONE MEDIOCRE TALE may pass unchallenged, but a series of mediocrities cannot, and so a crucial test of short stories is to bind them into a volume. If they bear that ordeal, they have the right stuff in them. The "Short Stories" in the Distaff Series can hardly be said to come out of the trial with flying colors. Of the five stories in the pretty little book, "Monsieur Alcibiade," by Constance Cary Harrison, overshadows all the others, and is probably the only one of the five that will reach the expectations of the reader, who opens the book to find that it is intended to be representative of New York women's work in fiction. (Harper & Bros.)

"JOHN INGERFIELD," the title-story of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's bundle of tales, is, to borrow Mr. Brander Matthews's delicate and just definition of a difference, a story that is short, rather than a short story. Still, it comes very near perfection in the telling—so near, in fact, that one regrets it did not come nearer still. "The Woman of the Saeter" is an old Norse legend, gruesome and dark, with a horrible ending in the present day. "Variety Patter" and "Silhouettes" are reminiscences, and "The Lease of the 'Cross Keys'" recalls at once a short story that was published in *The Evening Post* some time ago. Plot, treatment, everything, is exactly alike, and one wonders how such a coincidence could occur. Mr. Jerome shows in this book that he possesses an admirable and

thoroughly trained gift of serious story-telling. (Henry Holt & Co.)—"FOR THE SAKE OF THE SILLER," by Maggie Swan, is a Fifeshire story of fifty years ago, and consequently in dialect, which has been skilfully handled. The title is happily found, as it refers not only to Effie Blyth's experience with the man who professed to love her, but also to Tammam Lawson of Balhelvie and his wife Teen, the grasping, hard peasant couple whose heir she is. Effie's character is well drawn, and impresses the reader with its actuality. The author has also the rare gift of sketching her minor characters with few but graphic lines. The story is interesting from first to last, and written with great skill. (Hunt & Eaton.)—HIS NAME was Wayland, hers was Esther; he was a clergyman, she a Theosophist—each loved the other, but she refused to marry him because she loved her liberty and her art and Theosophy and divers other things, and would not give them up. She even offered to find a wife for him, but he told her that he would win her, and he did. The story is a milk-and-water kind of echo of the Sarah Grand style of literature; but it ends with conventional married happiness, in which Theosophy becomes a matter of small importance. (Charles H. Kerr & Co.)—"COUNT-ESS DYNAR; or, Polish Blood," is a romantic love-story, translated from the German of Nataly von Eschtruth. The plot is the whole of the book, and it would, therefore, be unjust to reveal it; the character-drawing is of the kind made popular by Marlitt and Werner. Those who revel in coronets, castles and titles, in blue blood and haughty pride, and who love to witness the course of love which never yet did run smooth, will find all they require to make them happy between the covers of this book. (Robert Bonner's Sons.)—"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS" and "Donald Ross of Heimra" have been added to the uniform edition of William Black's novels, which is now, after a little over two years, practically completed. (Harper & Bros.)

"THERE WAS something lofty, yet not haughty," in Alvin Geoffrey's manner, "which indicated the finished man of the world," but, likewise, "there was that simplicity and naturalness in his demeanor which are the results of the very highest breeding," and, as a leader of New York society explained, "were he not so fabulously rich and his family one of such distinction, he would be completely ostracized by good society." He had married an actress in his early youth, but, according to the same authority, "it became a very cold day outside to him," when he tried to introduce his wife "into our society"—and so the actress left him after six months. Being a bold, bad man, it falls to his lot, of course, to be loved by the heroine of the "Love Affairs of a Worldly Man," which is a story of American high life. It will probably puzzle Mr. Ward McAllister to learn that Sir Reginald Chittenden was the son of an impecunious English peer, and he will certainly be interested to know that "make you acquainted with" is the approved form of introduction used in American drawing-rooms. The book is written by Maibelle Justice, and is as remarkable for its grammar as for the peculiar manners of its characters. (F. Tennyson Neely.)—MR. EDGAR SALTUS has turned to the detective story in "Enthralled," and has produced the worst book he has ever written. The plot is ingenious and original, but it has been handled in a listless manner, neglected and rushed through, as if the author were bored by his task. Why Mr. Saltus should wilfully spoil excellent material, is a puzzle to which he alone can furnish the key; as it is, he has done his utmost during the last few years to break down a reputation which he had built up with undeniable cleverness, and which might have carried him far. (American News Co.)—"THE BEDOUIN GIRL," by Mrs. S. J. Higginson, is a story of Arabia, of caravans and pilgrimage, of tribal fights and life in harem and bazar. There is a good deal of interest in the book, created as much by the author's way of telling the story as by its plot. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons.)

FOUR NEW VOLUMES have been added to the Dryburgh Edition of the Waverley Novels. "Peveril of the Peak" (Vol. XV.) contains more than its share of Sir Walter's unceremonious treatment of historical facts; but, as he justly remarks in the introduction, "in a story where the greater part is avowedly fiction, the author is at liberty to introduce such variations from actual facts as his plot requires, or which are calculated to enhance it"; and so the Countess of Derby was made a Catholic, and the house of Christian burthened with a notorious blackguard. But, in truth, the story thus produced makes one forgive and forget all historical inaccuracies. "Quentin Durward" (Vol. XVI.), on the other hand, is one of the finest historical studies of Louis XI. extant, and may be read, as it has been since its first appearance, for that purpose as well as for the interest of the story. It is, by the way, next to "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman," Scott's best-known and best-liked novel in Continental Europe. Least successful of all his works, perhaps, "St. Ronan's Well" (Vol. VII.) suffered still further from

the changes suggested by James Ballantyne in a certain episode of the heroine's history. Received with indifference by the critics, the book still found favor with the reading public, several of the characters having those attractive qualities which came from Scott's own fine heart. The story has also some value as an interesting, though not, perhaps, very deep, study of the fashionable life of the period. "Redgauntlet" (Vol. VIII.) would merit immortality on account of "Wandering Willie's Tale" alone. Mr. Thompson's fine illustrations show conscientious study of the different periods in which the novels are laid. (Macmillan & Co.)

Theological Literature

THE REV. DR. WILLIAM G. T. SHEDD, having retired from his Professorship in Union Theological Seminary, though not from the theological arena, has made another contribution to the strife and struggle of to-day in a volume of miscellanies, entitled "Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy." There are forty-four papers, mostly contributions to periodical literature, in this volume of three hundred pages, which, in print and binding, is uniform with most of his other works, ten in number, some of which have entered upon their tenth edition. Dr. Shedd is a clear and forcible writer. He is an uncompromising defender of the theology of Augustine and Calvin; his style is clear as crystal; his sentences are brief, terse, nervous; he strikes from the shoulder; his cast of mind is wholly logical, and his one great thought is the justice of God. Having read almost all his writings, the reviewer finds in this volume the same characteristics as those so prominent in the others, and if, from this volume or from any of the others, we should select a specimen brick of his whole literary edifice, it would be a sentence like the following:—"The love of God needs the foil of the wrath of God to set it off and make it bright and effulgent. A foil is a leaf of metal placed under jewels to increase their brilliancy. If taken away, they are dimmed." This idea runs all through Dr. Shedd's writings. His method is first to make the love and the justice of God appear as far apart as possible, and then, by the cunning human schemes of Augustine or of Calvin or of himself, to "reconcile" them. One would almost think that the Maker could not get along without the assistance of those theologians who are constantly making their own foil and putting it under the jewels of the divine truth, which they have cut in their own way to fit their own settings. Dr. Shedd is peculiarly interesting in his illustrations, but the trouble is, they are not always accurate. Were he a practical jeweler, he would know that no true brilliant, no pure stone, properly cut, needs any foil. The use of foil is to supply the deficiency of stones that are badly cut, imperfect in shape, defective in tint or clearness, or marred with "feathers"; so the Christian world in general, and many of Dr. Shedd's own students, deeply as they admire and love his beautiful character, fascinated as they are by his masculine literary and polemic power, fail to be convinced by his scholastic methods. In this new volume of papers, Dr. Shedd is particularly severe on the methods of the Higher Criticism, his characterization of which strikes us as neither adequate nor fair. Four of the essays are on political subjects, and here, as always, Dr. Shedd is clear and forcible, pleading for what seems to him the highest interest of man and society. Whether one agrees with the author or not, of his power as a master of language there is no question. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"THE MONISM OF MAN" is the theme of a thoughtful volume by one well equipped to write luminously upon this dark theme. For it must be confessed that the certain data by which the author reaches his conclusions are not dazzling in their number or power of illumination. Dr. David Allyn Gorton, who has written on medical and hygienic subjects, and who was formerly the editor of *The National Quarterly Review*, is the author. The sub-title is "The Unity of the Divine and Human." He argues that soul and body are not two separate entities, but are one and the same. In so far as the one is removed, weakened or destroyed, so also is the other. Arguing neither for nor against a life hereafter, professing in his search for truth to be hampered neither by the creeds of Christendom nor the dicta of science, he brings a marvellous array of facts and deductions to support his thesis. A modern man, thoroughly familiar with the modern sciences and theories, he also seeks the aid of the ancient speculations and discoveries concerning the head of creation. He discusses philosophy and theosophy; matter, life and mind; soul and body; body and soul; the unity of the natural and supernatural; the unity of divine and human agency; and the scope of the inductive philosophy. In his prologue, he scores severely those phases of modern thought called "mental healing," "Christian science," etc. Wishing to be rational in all things, he cares not further to agree with his readers. Whether one's religious or philosophical faith will harmonize with Dr. Gorton's is of less importance than that he should read this book. The preacher will obtain a broad shaft of light upon many problems of body and

soul, for here are clear demonstrations that amputations, lesions and diseases of many sorts do alter, and cause to deteriorate, both temperament and moral character. We are not certain but that Mr. Gorton is more of a physician than of a metaphysician, but we are certain that, for readableness, suggestiveness and luminosity, this work deserves high praise. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE REV. F. B. MEYER, a voluminous writer, especially favored by people who enjoy revivalistic services and methods, sends forth another book in his series entitled *Old Testament Heroes*. "Joshua and the Land of Promise" are treated in the homiletic, hortatory, edifying and emotional way that is enjoyed by those who like to find modern, and even recently-evolved, dogmas and notions in the ancient Hebraic documents. For the sake of victory over the Canaanites, the author thinks that daylight was miraculously prolonged. In other words, he, evidently with the fear of the "successful" evangelists (who so highly recommend his books) before his eyes, reads the poetry of the book of Jasher as literal prose. He seems to be unfamiliar with Oriental modes of expression; yet the book is edifying. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)—SIX Unitarian clergymen have united in the writing of "The Spiritual Life: Studies of Devotion and Worship." Though mainly historical, these sketches rise above mere narration, and reflect the life and thought which were behind the events and persons described. The spiritual life of the early and the modern Church, German and Spanish mysticism, the devotional literature of England and certain American phases of religion are the chief subjects treated. The authors are Howard N. Brown, Lewis C. Wilson, Francis Tiffany, Charles F. Dole, Francis B. Hornbrooke and George W. Cooke. The book is noteworthy in that it is one of multiplying evidences that earnest men are studying universal religion, rather than the special manifestation of sects and systems. The witness borne by many lands and ages is that the really religious men and women are those who strive to make the world better, and who, in doing this, obtain inward blessedness. In pursuance of their object, the writers give us suggestive pen-pictures, not only of the great men, but of the great books that have fed souls and "strengthened the wavering line" during eighteen centuries. In the chapter on "American Phases," we note the limitations of the writer in laying disproportionate emphasis on songs and singers of the "liberal" faith, and wonder how, out of the list of devotional works, "The Still Hour" of Prof. Phelps could have been omitted. The interesting book has a good index. (Geo. E. Ellis.)—Two striking characters in English history, the one a theologian, the other a soldier, were Bishop Joseph Hall of Norwich, and Gen. Gordon, who sleeps in an unknown grave in Africa. The Bishop wrote, in 1654, a book, "Christ Mystical, or the Union of Christ and His Members." A copy of this work was one of the three books which, with his Bible, formed the chief part of Gordon's library, the others being Hill's "Deep Things of God" and the "Imitation of Christ." The seventeenth-century English classic is now reprinted in dainty form from Gordon's copy, the markings and interlinings of the illustrious modern reader being reproduced on the page. A very interesting introduction, setting forth Gen. Gordon's theology, is furnished by the Rev. H. Carruthers Wilson, who, as a chaplain in the British army, enjoyed a three years' acquaintance with the hero of China and Khartoum. Good print and a winsome dress of grey and gold please the outer eye, while the inner contents are rich and helpful to the soul. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

THE FRUIT of the thought and pen of the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon, is always welcome because its quality has been already appraised. His mastery of choicest English is apparent, and his profound sympathy with living men is manifest. In his preaching he is one of the most unconventional of men, yet, withal, truly devout. He has a keen eye upon the reality of things, and, as an Englishman, delights in stripping off the crusts of prejudice in which the insular Churchman does so love to encase himself. Unless one should read upon the title-page his precedents and associations, he would never suspect that these sermons were delivered by a man dressed in Church millinery and uniform. "The Son of Man Among the Sons of Men" is the title of his latest volume of sermons. In it he shows how Jesus, the Son of Man, lived and moved and had his speech and being among such various sons of men as Herod, Pilate, Judas Iscariot, Nathanael, the demoniac, the palsied, and the blind. The many-sided Son of Man is here set forth, adapting himself to every need of our common human nature, and by his divine power strengthening and lifting up those who were needy and weak. The myriad-minded Jesus is shown calling to the unity of truth and the glory of simplicity those who were false or hypocritical, or whose life seemed to be a compound of all things factitious: not only calling but pointing out the way. This volume shows two qualities requisite in the great preacher, remarkable ac-

quaintanceship with human nature and profound study of the sacred text. It seems to utter this beatitude "Blessed is the man who can read the Greek Testament, so as to see men not always walking like trees in the language, which is often made wooden in order to keep it sacred for the multitude, and who can recognize actual talk, and so translate as to get at the bottom facts, and this without triviality or irreverence unto edification." (Thomas Whittaker.)

ALL STUDENTS who have made themselves familiar with the masterful scholarship, the luminous style, the historical insight and the judicial candor of the late Bishop of Durham, will hail as a boon the publication of his "Biblical Essays." The Trustees of the Lightfoot Fund have undertaken the publication of this handsome volume, which holds twelve essays within its covers. About two-thirds of the matter herein set forth has never been made public; and of the remaining one-third, only the essay on St. John's Gospel has recently seen the light. With the exception of the three chapters illustrating gospel history, the bulk of the book is devoted to the life and work of St. Paul. The editor of the Writings of the Apostolic Fathers and the life-long student of the New Testament age and texts, writes with surprising freshness and power about St. Paul's preparation for the ministry, the chronology of his epistles, the structure and destination of the Epistle to the Romans, St. Paul's history after the close of the Acts, the date of the Pastoral Epistles, etc. Upon the characteristics of Bishop Lightfoot as a scholar and stylist, we need not here dilate. He must be ranked among the princes of exegetical science, and his use of the vernacular is always such as produces perfect clearness. He was one of the comparatively few theologians who, in the study of the early documents of Christianity, paid attention equally to the human and the divine elements, the letter and the spirit. Between the rationalist who claims equal inspiration for St. Paul and Plato, and the irrationalist who is insensible to any varieties in style or differences in method of treatment in different books of Holy Scripture, Lightfoot kept the golden mean. This he did by recognizing the elements of truth each extreme contained, adopting and uniting them. Indeed, his discussion of the burning question of inspiration is singularly strong, masterful and clear. It is calculated, not, indeed, to satisfy the professional revivalist or dogmatician anxious for ecclesiastical uniformity at any cost, but to be reassuring to the man to whom faith means reason in repose. Very felicitous, also, are the late Bishop's characterizations. Thus, in expressing the progress made by St. Paul in his teaching, he gives as the watchwords of the four groups of his epistles, "The Tribunal," "The Cross," "The Throne" and "The Congregation." His handsome demolition of Renan's theory about the composition of the Epistle to the Romans forms a very readable chapter, and well illustrates how much more familiar with original sources than with belated writers Dr. Lightfoot cared to be. The indices of texts and subjects are very thorough as well as very useful. (Macmillan & Co.)

HAPPINESS would come to the heart of many a poor poet or prose writer if he could have his books presented to the world in so royal an outfit as that which encases two easily-held and enjoyable books by the Rev. Charles Frederick Hoffman. Collectively, and on the outside, the twins are named "The Missionary Character of the Incarnation-Books." The larger of the two volumes (having each but one column on the page) contains a sermon delivered at Hobart College, entitled "Christ, the Patron of All True Education." Added to the wholesome thoughts of the sermon are a number of appendices relating to Christian education considered in its various theoretical and practical phases. The second volume is entitled "The Library, a Divine Child," an address couched in delightful English and full of literary aroma, which was delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the library building of St. Stephen's at Annandale-on-Hudson. This little volume also has appendices, which the scholar and book-lover will enjoy. One of them is by President Eliphalet Nott Potter, who furnishes a scholarly paper on "Punctuation in the Prayer-Book," showing the pedigree of the period, and how a little printer's mark can work good or mischief, and become suggestive either of angels or devils. There are a number of other features about these literary twins, which seem to show that Dr. Hoffman cares as much for the making of a beautiful book as does John Ruskin. (E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

THE BOOK entitled "Anti-Higher Criticism" is a curiously-named literary offspring. One almost wonders why men should not write books entitled "Anti-Steam," "Anti-Electricity" or "Anti-Horse-Power." The title-page, dedication and preface are curiosities. The editor and compiler, the Rev. L. W. Munhall, M.A., a professional evangelist, has already written a work which, as given on the title-page before us, is entitled "The Higher Critics vs. the Higher Crit-

ics." The volume contains the papers that were read at a Bible conference held at Asbury Park, August 11, 1893. According to the list of clergymen given in the preface, Mr. Munhall does not seem to know that in the Reformed Church of America, the "Reformed Dutch" pastor, George S. Bishop, D.D., of Orange, N. J., and the "Collegiate Reformed" pastor, David James Burrell, D.D., of New York City, are brethren in the same fold, and that the Collegiate Reformed Church has not yet seceded from the honored denomination to which it belongs. There are able papers by eminent scholars, Howard Osgood of Rochester, W. Henry Green of Princeton, Talbot W. Chambers of New York City, James H. Brookes of St. Louis, and a few others. These discuss living questions connected with the books of the Pentateuch, Job, Psalms, Daniel, Esther and other *anti-logomena* of the Old Testament, and questions belonging to the New Testament, though the papers on the latter are fewer and in smaller measure. The general tenor of the book reminds us of dike-building, for all the writers seem to think there is a great flood coming. Yet, when one carefully considers the statements made, and reads between the lines, he is impressed more with the actual unity of those called "higher critics" with those who are, in this book at least, believed to "give testimony to the infallibility of the Bible." The reader who wishes to get the facts will cross out a great deal of rhetoric and oratory from the present volume, coldly suppress all Fourth of July spirit imported into theology and rather plentiful in these discussions, and ask for the absolute facts as furnished by dry and cool scholarship. The questions in dispute are not those of orthodoxy or heterodoxy, but are to be settled by the canons of literary and historical science, and, regarded in that light, the book has value, and is well worth examination. A good index would have improved its value for scholars. The introductory chapter is by the editor and compiler. (Hunt & Eaton.)

THE BOYLE LECTURES for 1892-3 come before us in their usual handsome dress of good print and paper, with an abundant analytical table of contents, voluminous summaries and notes, and a well-made index. In a word, these books are made for the student, and save his time and temper while he is getting at their real contents in order properly to appraise. The lecturer, Alexander James Harrison, D.D., a Vicar of the Church of England, has made a life-long study of skepticism in its various phases, and of the relation of the Church to skeptics, both of the real and the sham sort. In this book, entitled "The Ascent of Faith, or the Grounds of Certainty in Science and Religion," the author begins by showing that which skeptics of all kinds believe, and then what, from their own standpoint, they ought to believe. This accomplished, it is next shown what new necessities and obligations, logical and moral, come from the step already taken, and so forward, point by point, until the Catholic faith in Christ is reached. It is uncertain whether the author will be able to convince many honest skeptics by his method, but it is very evident that he has attempted honestly to face the criticisms of modern secularism and unbelief. The book seems to have great strength in its definitions and clear statements, and, if personal religion can be reached through logical processes, then this book will be very helpful to those who have their feet set in the path that leads to the land of faith. (Thomas Whittaker.)

THOSE who have enjoyed the rich literary style of the Rev. Hugh Macmillan will welcome "Mystery of Grace, and Other Sermons," a new volume from this inspiring writer. Few theologians seem to have so deep an insight into Nature, her varied phenomena and wonderful forces. Fewer still have the power of so correlating these to the truths of revelation, that religion and science seem to be only slightly differing phases of the same truth. The sermon on "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Land of Far Distances" in the present volume are illustrations of what we have asserted. Nevertheless, it is also true that in this, his latest work, there seems to be a richer spiritual experience, as well as a finer gloss of style, than in some of his other writings, in which his exuberant imagination is less chastened. The comely volume contains twenty discourses, and will richly reward those who enjoy sermons that do not smell of the cloister or of the study lamp, but have in them the continual suggestion of sunshine and outdoor communion with God and his works. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)—THERE is much good preaching nowadays, if we may infer from the volumes of sermons that are published. "Nobiscum Deus, the Gospel of the Incarnation," by William Frederic Faber, vividly suggests this pleasant reflection. The qualities of heart and mind reflected in these sermons are estimable and improving. Our only criticism would be that Mr. Faber does not always define himself clearly on the controverted questions that he ventures to broach. This defect is noticeable in the last sermon, which is about "Contending for the Faith." Perhaps the strained condition of things in some quarters,

just now, will sufficiently account for the preacher's caution. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

London Letter

DEATH HAS DEPRIVED US during the present week of a man of peculiar distinction, frankness and courage. Prof. Robertson Smith died early on Saturday morning in his rooms at Christ's College, Cambridge, at which University he had for ten years filled the Chair of Reader in Arabic. For some time past it had been known among his friends that his days were numbered, and one by one they had been paying him visits which they knew to be the last. But they found him with no morbid fear of death before his eyes. His interest in current literary movements remained unabated; he was as eager as ever to look out upon that future in the triumphs of which he must have known that he himself could have no share. A more brilliant or versatile intellect there was not in either University. The extent of his Oriental knowledge was a matter of fame, not only in England, but upon the entire Continent of Europe; and there are those who claim that, were it possible for a man to be a specialist in two subjects at once, he would have proved no less distinguished in mathematics than he was in languages. He was but forty-seven when he died, having been born at Keig, Aberdeen, on November 8, 1846; but he had already, it seemed, passed from the fitful fever of life into the calm atmosphere of scholarship. We live so fast nowadays, and interest follows interest so rapidly, that the younger generation has probably little recollection of the storm of controversy that surged round Robertson Smith's name some twenty years ago. At that time, while he was filling the Chair of Hebrew in the Free Church College of Aberdeen, he wrote for "The Encyclopædia Britannica" the article upon the Bible in which, with sound commonsense, and in accordance with the whole evidence of history, he made certain comments upon the authorship of the Pentateuch which were held by his colleagues in the Scotch University to question the Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures. The discussion, which his boldness aroused, lasted some three years off and on; nor was the matter dropped finally until the end of 1880. Three years later he was appointed to his Chair at Cambridge, and in 1889 was elected to a Fellowship at Christ's College.

It is reported, on the authority of Messrs. Hatchards, the well-known booksellers in Piccadilly, that a very important work is to appear during the course of the present year, in the shape of a complete edition of Lord Macaulay's diary. The representatives of his family, it is said, have already placed the manuscript in the hands of a London publisher, and, if the rumor prove true, we are likely to get as interesting and valuable a piece of work as the world has seen for many years. Macaulay wrote his diary entirely for himself, frankly and without reserve, and it is difficult to overestimate the brilliancy of the light which its publication is likely to direct upon the personal character of its author.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, to whose "Stickit Minister" and "Raiders" I have already made more than one allusion, has been paying a flying visit to London from his home in the far north, and has made many new friends during his brief stay. If the variety of human-kind had not rendered it an absurdity to assign any single type to an individual profession, one would be inclined to say that Mr. Crockett was in appearance anything but the literary man. He must stand nearly six feet high, with shoulders broad in proportion, his hair and beard reddish brown. One would have expected, too, that, coming from the depths of a Highland village, he would have but little sympathy with the feverish literary movements and animosities of an hour which move the waters of London life. But it is far otherwise. Mr. Crockett reads every London paper, morning and evening, weekly and monthly, and could take up the common burden of report with every person to whom he was introduced. He is full of geniality and rich in humorous anecdote—a welcome guest in every literary circle. It is to be hoped that he will take away as pleasant an impression of London as that which London will retain of him.

The *National Observer* has changed editors; but the report which was current a few weeks ago has been modified by the event. Mr. Henley has, it is true, retired from the management, to be succeeded, not by Mr. Frank Harris, but by Mr. J. E. Vincent, who, formerly a member of the *Times* staff, is chiefly known as the author of the *Life of the Duke of Clarence*, recently published by Mr. John Murray. It is said that the old staff will be retained; but so strong was Mr. Henley's personal hold upon his followers, that it is unlikely that the more conspicuous of them will be found under the new management. Mr. Henley's name has, naturally enough, been mentioned during the last few days in connection with several papers; but I believe that he has not at present accepted any offer. Meanwhile, it will be interesting to see how *The National Observer*

will fare, apart from the individuality with which its very being has been identified.

The papers have been very full this week of reviews of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, but the general interest in the book and excitement over its appearance scarcely seem to be in proportion to the space it is taking in the journalistic columns. Whether the public has found new favorites or not, I cannot say; it may be that the taste of the novel-reader has been vitiated by the spices of the feminine revolt, and has no longer any yearning for the solid and sedate. At any rate, one hears very little of "Marcella" in ordinary conversation as yet. Perhaps the rush of interest will come later.

The attempt at purely literary drama, which was made at the Avenue Theatre at the end of last week, has had but little success. It is probable that neither of the pieces received full justice at the hands of its interpreters, but in any case they were both ill-adapted for the modern stage. Mr. W. B. Yeats had put a deal of imagination into "The Land of Heart's Desire," but it was imagination of an essentially undramatic character. Of Dr. Todhunter's "Comedy of Sighs" it is kindest not to speak: it was altogether a mistake. The audience amused itself with irrelevant laughter while the curtain was up, and with songs to whistling accompaniment between the acts, and at the conclusion gave the author a warm but scarcely hearty reception. The bill is to be replaced shortly by a new play by Mr. Bernard Shaw, the author of "Widower's Houses."

Some time within the present week Mr. Lewis Morris will put forth a new volume of lyrical verse, called (rather unfortunately) "Songs without Notes." There are to be between forty and fifty pieces, including the semi-official odes written for the Duke of York's wedding and the opening of the Imperial Institute. It is more than three years since Mr. Morris published "A Vision of Saints"—quite a prolonged silence in these days of prolific versification.

LONDON, April 6, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

I WONDER WHETHER any other readers were held in doubt, as I was, as to the veracity of that pretty story of "Little St. Peter," in the last number of *Harper's Weekly*. I remembered vividly the loss of the British vessel *Jason*, which sank off our coast a few months ago, carrying tragic death to its crew, and the first half of the story in the *Weekly* repeated the tale with such correctness that I was almost inclined to accept the second half as fact. If you have read it, you will recall that the author told about his burying the dead from the ship and hearing suddenly the responses to the services chanted by the clear voice of a young boy. This boy claimed that he had come from the wreck, swept up on a bale of jute. Some believed it, some doubted it, but the little lad stuck to his story, and so impressed the kindly minister that he was given a home in the parsonage. There was an air of religious mysticism over the whole story, but nothing to indicate that it might not be true. Its interest is doubled by the knowledge that its author, William Bayard Hale, is really a clergyman, and no other than the Rector at Middleboro, whose recent "Analysis of a New England Town" in *The Forum* aroused such a tumult of criticism by its liberal views and its "raking-over" of the religious movements in his locality. I told my doubts to a newspaper friend, who, to solve the question, immediately started off in quest of the reverend author. When found, the latter enjoyed the effect his story had accomplished, but frankly admitted that little St. Peter was not to be found on earth. The story of the boy's adventure on shipboard, however, was substantially true, being made up from the account of William Evans, a young apprentice, who alone, of all on board, had been saved. The Rev. Mr. Hale was at Wellfleet when the *Jason* went down, knew all about the wreck, heard the story from Evans, and gave it in the realistic manner shown in his narrative, adding only the touches of supernaturalism. I may add, for those who have found the same interest in the story, that the Rev. Mr. Hale is an enthusiastic worker on the same ground with Dr. Briggs, believing that the Christian Church should not be divided into sects, but be united in one broad body. His movement, he declares, is not for the Episcopal Church, but for a Church Catholic.

The most notable event in Boston, this week, will be the production at Harvard of the Latin play. On Thursday Terence's "Phormio" will be produced at Sanders Theatre in the original Latin by the students of the College (assisted in their preparation by the officials), and while I cannot in advance say anything of the performance, except that the dress rehearsal indicates a trustworthy reproduction of the ancient play, yet I can make brief mention of the notable audience expected. No less than fourteen college presidents have signified their intention to be present. Pres. Cleveland was invited, but will not be able to attend. Congress, however, will have its representatives in Harvard graduates whose

names are widely known, including Senator Hoar and Congressman William Everett. Of course, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor and the chief men of the Corporation and of Radcliffe College (as well as the women), classical scholars from all over the country and masters of preparatory schools will be on hand, while one interesting group will include the benefactors of the College. The oldest benefactor who will be present is Mr. Henry W. Pickering of the class of 1831. The class of 1856 will have a remarkable record, in sending ten of its members who have either founded scholarships or otherwise presented help to the College. After the performance a reception is to be given to the invited guests by President and Mrs. Eliot.

The news has been sent throughout the country that to Boston's young composer, Mr. George W. Chadwick, has been awarded the prize of \$300 offered by the National Conservatory of Music of New York for the best symphony. But I have some news to add to Mr. Chadwick's statement about the future of that symphony. Under the rules of the competition, the Conservatory had the right to give two public performances of the composition selected for the prize before it reverts to the possession of the composer; but in this case the Conservatory has waived its right, in order to allow the work to be brought out earlier. Mr. Chadwick, before he sent in the symphony for competition, had promised the first chance of its production to Theodore Thomas. He does not know whether Mr. Thomas will bring it out this season or hold it over until next. The work was written while the composer was spending the summer of 1893 at West Chop. At that time he had no idea of competing for the prize, but afterwards thought that he might have some chance, and therefore sent in the score to the Committee. He was ineligible for the competition the previous year, as he had not then reached the age of thirty-five, the limit fixed by the Conservatory for competitors.

The members of the Boston Art Club, or rather two of its members, have made a generous move in behalf of American art, having offered a prize of \$5000 for the best American picture sent to the New York exhibition of oil-paintings. Henry D. Hyde declared at the last meeting that he would give half that amount if any other member would give the other half, and thereupon Col. Albert A. Pope, of bicycle and good roads fame, rose to his feet to announce his willingness to unite with Mr. Hyde. The details of the offer are to be left to the Board of Government of the Club, but it is stipulated that the competing pictures must be new and never before exhibited in public anywhere, and that the offer shall go into effect in the winter of 1896.

BOSTON, April 17, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

THE BANCROFT "Book of the Fair," which is now being issued by the Bancroft Pub. Co., is divided into twenty-five parts, about half of which have already appeared. It has been prepared and written by Hubert Howe Bancroft and his corps of assistants, though the name of the chief is the only one that appears on the title-page. It begins with a review of the history of fairs and similar shows, and especially of the large expositions which were inaugurated in London in 1851. The first section and half of the second are devoted to these preliminaries, before the Columbian Exposition is touched upon. Then the wrangle which resulted in the selection of Chicago as the site is described, and followed by an account of the city's growth and present status in the commercial and intellectual world. "To make a city great," says the writer, "burn it; to make a city very great and prosperous, burn it twice. So of men; to become rich, give; to become very rich, give liberally." And he adds:—"Among the ethics and economics which seem to govern the men who have made Chicago, sentiments like these lie latent." The book then takes up the organization of forces for the great work, and describes the construction of the buildings, illustrating this with a number of half-tone reproductions of photographs, which show the processes and something of the picturesqueness of these gigantic structures in their unfinished state. The exhibits are next attacked, and the writer attempts to compare the products of different countries in the several departments. The task of dealing with these is an enormous one, and Mr. Bancroft unfortunately tries to do it thoroughly. Instead of selecting the effective arrangements and the most artistic exhibits, every taste, from the enlightened to the ignorant, has been appealed to. The text, however, is secondary to the illustrations, which are numberless. They are all half-tone reproductions of photographs, and they vary widely in merit and in interest. Many of the photographs were touched up, and these, especially in the display of sculpture, come out very badly. Others, from the choice of subjects and the photographer's skill in presenting them, are beautiful; and the record of exhibits, all too profuse as it is, recalls much that one likes to remember. The sections devoted to

the Art Building have not yet appeared. The book, on the whole, promises to be a complete, prosaic record of the Fair—a cold, correct, unimaginative picture, without color or atmosphere.

A deluge of literature relating to the Fair threatens us, and it is fortunate that the subject will bear discussion. The Report of the Board of Women Managers for the State of New York, of which Mrs. Erastus Corning was President, has just been issued, and it contains some interesting reading. The arrangement of the Report might be better; it is not well focused, but it is straightforward and concise, and shows clearly what the Board really accomplished. It is a record to be proud of. The writer speaks of the difficulty of arousing public enthusiasm at first, because of "the almost reprehensible apathy of New York toward all plans relating to the Exposition"—an indifference which this Board helped greatly to alleviate. The preliminary work of organizing the women of the State is briefly described, and the narration of the achievements resulting from this thorough canvassing follows. The exhibits of philanthropic and educational work, the Fitch crèche, the day nursery, the trained nurses and the kitchen-garden were extremely valuable, and this report tells the world-wide interest which they aroused. The plan of the crèche, for example, was carried to Sweden and Germany with a view of establishing similar institutions there, and it is probable that one will be opened also in Siam. The most important achievement of this Board, however, was the decoration and furnishing of the library in the Woman's Building, and the collection of the books which almost filled the cases. The library, decorated by Mrs. Candace Wheeler, and with its fine ceiling painted by Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith, was by far the most beautiful room in the building and the most reposeful idling place on the grounds. The books gathered by the Board formed a practically complete collection of the literary work of New York women, the State having been far more thoroughly canvassed in this respect than any other in the Union. This library of 2178 volumes formed a valuable record, which it would probably be impossible to duplicate, as it contained a number of old and rare books. The contributions of women to periodicals were also represented by many type-written pamphlets, prettily bound and containing carefully selected and classified essays. The work of the various committees is briefly described, and the failure of the cooking exhibit in some degree explained, though the explanation hardly reflects credit upon the business sagacity of the Board. The auditor's statement shows that the expenses incurred by the Board amounted to \$52,647.71.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have just published a clever little book of reflections, called "In Maiden Meditation, a Mosaic," by E. V. A., the writer preferring to remain anonymous. It is an open secret, however, that she is a Western girl, who ceased to be fancy-free after writing the book, which she now dedicates to "That One Who Has Fixed My Ideals, Embodied My Dreams, and Deepened My Sense of the Possible Beauty of Existence." The five parts into which the book is divided run into and overlap each other, as the writer rambles on wherever her fancy leads her. The style is very serious, amusingly so at times, and filled with a sense of the importance of the ideas it divulges. It is defective in the quality of humor, which would have pruned it in many places that now seem stilted and overstrained. Still, there are many bright and spicy things in the little book, and men, especially, will enjoy this glimpse of a side of a girl's life which is usually hidden. It is all delightfully young and naive, and yet the wisdom of sages could not be uttered with more impressive solemnity. The reflections are desperately sentimental, love and marriage occupying the writer's mind to the exclusion of almost everything else. But she often puts things in a new and entertaining way. "When men complain, as they do not infrequently," says this experienced observer, "that their wives have no ideas, the question inevitably suggests itself to me, why the superiority of the masculine intellect did not permit it to discern the defect in time." And later in the book she says:—"There are friends whom we know too well, so that our talk with them has less of refreshment and entertainment than a conversation with any intelligent stranger." This is followed by a dissertation upon the danger of the same dullness in marriage, which points a useful moral. The reflections are never profound; but, light and superficial as they are, the book which contains them is often gracefully frank and entertaining.

CHICAGO, April 17, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

The Lounger

I SPOKE LAST WEEK of the up-town march of the publishing business, and named the firms that had followed it. To that list I may now add D. Appleton & Co., who have leased the fine new building on the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirteenth Street. I do not think that they will occupy the whole building; they will have only their offices and salesrooms there. The Apple-

tons have an immense factory in Williamsburg, which, with its surrounding cottages for employees, is a village in itself; and their shipping can be done from there as readily as from New York. The Fifth Avenue building is a great improvement on the one the firm now occupies in Bond Street. Not in size, perhaps, but for light and air. The Bond Street house faces the north, and gets very little sun on its south end. The west side opens on a dark alley, and consequently the offices on that side are close and dingy. The new building has every advantage in the way of sun and air. It will get every ray of light that is shed upon New York, and catch every breeze that blows. I do not think that business men as a rule appreciate the advantages of sunlight and pure air. They are so busy with their work, that they do not think of those personal comforts that add so much to their working strength. The Appletons, however, are big, athletic men, who look as though they lived out of doors, notwithstanding their indoor work. I don't think that there is one of them under six feet in height, and all with a breadth of shoulder that Hercules would not be ashamed of.

THERE IS NO POSSIBILITY of Harper & Bros.' moving out of Franklin Square. I asked Mr. Thorne Harper whether he thought that the house would move uptown, and he answered with a question, "Why should they?" "To get away from the noise of the elevated road within ten feet of your desks, and of the packing room at your very elbow," I answered. "Oh, that's nothing, we like it," said he. While I doubt that they love it, I dare say they don't mind it. One gets used to a noise, though I don't believe that it is a very good thing for one's nerves. The Harpers, however, don't look as though their nerves had been upset by it. While they have not the inches of the Appletons, they are a very sturdy-looking race.

I SUPPOSE THAT Count Leo Tolstoy means well when he writes to the editor of the London *Daily Chronicle*:—"I again declare that I do not give anyone the exclusive, or even the preferential, right of publishing my works, and translating from them—I offer it indiscriminately to all those publishers who find the publication of my works or their translation desirable." The result of this Quixotic course is that Count Tolstoy writes to enrich the publishers. "The people" do not gain by his generosity, but the publishers, having no copyright to pay, make a good thing out of it. If Count Tolstoy took a practical view of the matter, he would take a price for his books and give the money to the poor, instead of giving it to the well-to-do, as he does by his present plan. But then, Count Tolstoy is as unpractical a man as he is inconsistent, which I find to be the rule rather than the exception where genius and eccentricity go hand in hand, as they are very apt to do.

ON MAY 18, the University of the City of New York will bid good-bye to the home on Washington Square that has sheltered it since its foundation. In the morning a few examinations will be held, to be followed by a reception, by the Woman's Advisory Committee, to the Council, Faculty, students and alumni. The day will end with the annual business meeting of the Alumni Association and a banquet. Among the guests at this last meal in the old building will be Justice Charles F. van Brunt, ex-Judge George M. van Hoesen, Dr. Henry D. Noyes, Mr. John E. Parsons, the Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Cox, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott and Mr. William A. Wheelock. Then the work of demolition will begin, and another landmark of old New York disappear before the encroachments of business. The new building above the Harlem River will, however, be ornamented with several stones taken from the old University building. Strange to say, the grey Gothic pile is remarkable more for the men it has sheltered than for the youths it has sent forth, and in its dark, echoing halls and old-fashioned bachelors' apartments dwell memories of many names known in many fields and many countries. Among these are Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and John W. Draper, the author of "The Intellectual Development of Europe"; Theodore Winthrop wrote "Cecil Dreeme" within its walls, and Colt invented there his revolver. William Henry Hurlbert, George Kennan, George W. Coakley, the astronomer, Charles de Kay and Robert C. Minor, the landscape-painter, are also among its erstwhile inhabitants, and it is said that Lola Montez danced in its chapel one night, and that Ada Isaacs Menken lived in one of its rooms for a week, disguised as a man. Carmencita first appeared before a private audience in one of its apartments, and among the last of its distinguished visitors, if not the very last, was Ellen Terry, to whom a farewell party was given there, it is said, on the night before her departure for Europe, a few weeks ago. The new Catalogue of the University, which will be published soon, will notify the students to assemble on Wednesday, Sept. 26 of this year, on the new site, the Faculty having been assured by the architects that at least three of the new buildings will be ready for occupancy by that time.

THE PUTNAMS publish to-day a new book by Miss Beatrice Harraden, the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night." It is a volume of short stories, seven in number, called "In Varying Moods." The longest is "At the Green Dragon," the strangest, "The Umbrella Mender." They all are powerful stories in a new vein, and proclaim the presence of a most interesting personality in literature. I have seen the manuscript of the preface that Miss Harraden wrote for the American edition of her book (which, by the way, is entirely protected by copyright) and am much interested in her handwriting. Though very fine, it is quite masculine. The pen seems barely to have touched the paper, as though the writer were near-sighted and feared to make too coarse a line—as deaf people speak almost inaudibly for fear of speaking too loud. In this preface she says that there is almost as much of truth as of fiction in her stories, and gives some details of their writing that add largely to their interest. Miss Harraden sails from England for America on the 21st of this month, and will stay for a few days in New York, as the guest of Mrs. G. H. Putnam, on her way to San Francisco.

"WHITTIER," writes D. C. of Bernardstown, Mass., "seems to have been quite dissatisfied with the typical New England weather. To various correspondents he expresses his occasional feeling of regret that the Pilgrim Fathers had not landed upon the Pacific Coast instead of the Atlantic. In a letter to me, while I was living in California, some years ago, he says:—'I congratulate thee on thy location on the Pacific Slope. I love New England, its scenery, people and institutions; but its climate is hard to forgive. I sometimes wish our ancestors on the Mayflower had drifted around Cape Horn and landed at Santa Barbara instead of Plymouth.' Now the question naturally occurs to one, Suppose Mr. Whittier's sometime wish had been anticipated by the early New England settlers—what would have been the chances for our New England poets, Bryant, Longfellow and the rest, including Mr. Whittier himself? What would then have been the result of heredity and environment? Mr. Whittier evidently had not considered that 'previous question,' but it is one involving interesting answers."

THE LIFE OF A reference librarian is not wholly devoid of humor. A correspondent, whose mission in life is to meet the varied literary wants of the students of a large Western State university, writes us:—"The Critic" is firmly established in popular favor, but I think none of you who founded it will lay claim to so green an age as was implied in a request made me the other day by a sweet girl senior, who wore her class mortar-board with the sedate air of an Oxford don. 'Please, I would like to consult *The Critic*,' she murmured confidently. 'Which volume?' was my query. 'Oh, if you please, I would like one about 1525, with something on Mary Queen of Scots!' That was a little more definite, however, than in the case of the lisping sophomore girl who, after an absence from the library for some months, bent over the counter the other day, and whispered:—'I wish you'd get me that brown book you let me have last spring!' These are only samples of funny incidents of almost daily occurrence with us. But young women are not the only ones who amuse us. The young men are quite the equals of the 'co-eds' in this respect. Good Dr. Poole! I shall never think of his invaluable Index, hereafter, without recalling that one day last term, when a timid young freshman was fishing for something on a topic assigned him by his instructor, and betrayed a blissful ignorance of what to ask for or what to do with it when he got it. I thought I would gently assist him. 'You know Poole?', I asked encouragingly. 'Ye-es, m'am—one kind,' he stammered, blushing, showing the kind of company he had been keeping in his native village. Another young man had really heard of Poole before he came to the library, and he obtained the privilege of consulting it in detail at a table in the reading-room. He had frequently to surrender the bulky volume to others who wished to scan it, but each time he carried it off again to his nook. At last, at the end of an hour, he threw it down on the counter in utter despair, saying: 'Prof. So-and-So told me to consult Poole for my subject, but I've gone through the whole business and find nothing but a lot of titles!'"

The Fine Arts

Society of Amateur Photographers of New York

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is the first in which its work and that of its friends has been properly put before the public. In the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society the excellent work contributed by many exhibitors has all the advantages of good lighting and plenty of air space. The artistic management of the camera and the printing process is yearly becoming better understood, and many of the pictures exhibited may

with perfect propriety be called works of art. A platinotype, by W. B. Post, of a "Foggy Day off the Battery," printed on rough paper, has all the effect of a clever sepia drawing. The choice of effect in "A Winter Sunset," by Charles Moss of Croydon, England, leaves nothing to be desired. A flooded stream, with a row of bare trees on its bank, runs into the foreground, and the sunset clouds arrange themselves right and left in perfect balance. Another of those happy accidents that sometimes occur in nature, and for which the photographer should be ever on the watch, is shown in "A Utrecht Pastoral," by J. Craig Annan of the Glasgow Photographic Association. The composition is of the same order, the balance depending on the perspective of a straight and level stretch of road, with a sidewalk bordered by trees on the one hand, and a quiet canal on the other. Strung along the grassy bank of the canal, sheep are quietly browsing, and the shepherd comes in effectively in the middle distance. A carbon print, by James L. Breese, of a young lady posing in the attitude of Mr. French's Statue of the Republic, is one of the most successful attempts at tone in the exhibition. A number of beautifully printed copies of drawings by Holbein come from Frederick Hollye of the Photographic Society of Great Britain. In fact, much of the most artistic work is English. There is good atmospheric quality in Louis Cohen's "Locating Camp," two sportsmen starting a fire at evening. The views of glaciers and Alpine peaks by W. England; the river view, "La Jonction près Genève," a platinotype, by Frederic Boissonnas of Geneva, Switzerland; a young woman among blossoming apple-trees, by Emma Justine Farnsworth of Albany, N. Y., and several other pictures which might be mentioned, show a decided instinct for the beautiful, and both taste and skill in making use of the various means now at the photographer's disposal.

The Trumbull Collection

A COLLECTION of original studies and sketches in India-ink and pen-and-ink, by John Trumbull, is on exhibition at Dodd, Mead & Co.'s, and is of considerable interest, artistically and historically. The authenticity of the collection is attested by Prof. Weir and Mr. Avery, who are the recognized experts in Trumbull's work. Most of the drawings are on vellum, a few on paper, and at least one on prepared deerskin. They are very spiritedly drawn, apparently from life, though in a few cases the figures appear to have been put into their present relations after the fact, in order to illustrate some anecdote or historical event. A camp scene shows Washington and Putnam with an artilleryman loading a cannon. There is a portrait of Benedict Arnold, which has all the appearance of having been drawn from life; and he is introduced in several groups, notably one in which he reads from a book to Washington and Mrs. Pollock, who are seated at a tea-table. There is a picture of Washington in bed, with Miss Pollock throwing back the shutters of the bedroom window; one in which the General and the lady again appear, with Putnam putting his head through a window and sounding an alarm on a bugle; several groups including portraits of Schuyler, Greene, Knox and the Misses Humphreys; and a large number of portraits, many of them drawn in pen-and-ink on the fly-leaves and covers of books. The collection was the property of a Southern family until recently, when it was dispersed, but has gradually been brought together again by the present owner.

Art Notes

A SMALL but interesting exhibition, at Sanchez & Co.'s gallery, of work done by students of the Shinnecock Hills Art School, of which Mr. Wm. M. Chase is the teacher, closes on the 28th. Several of the students are so far advanced that their studies have a positive value as pictures. Mr. Howard Chandler Christy's "On the Reservation," a large study of a young woman seated under a branch of maple, is really excellent work, and would be noticeable at any of the larger exhibitions of the season. So would Miss Lydia Field Emmet's "Sunset," a young woman in white with a landscape background, and her "Canoe Place Garden," a cabbage garden with figures well placed and well painted. Mr. Ernest Meyer's "In the Garden," a very promising foreground study; Miss Jane E. Emmet's "Sketch" in oils of a girl prone on the ground; Miss Elizabeth Strong's "Portrait of Grant," a good dog picture; "At the Dock," a study of boats, by Reynolds Beal; and a study of a grassy "Hillside," by Mr. Charles Frederick Naegle, are all well worth looking at.

—The monograph in the April *Portfolio* is from the pen of Julia Cartwright; its subject is Jules Bastien-Lepage. The text is accompanied by four plates—"Joan of Arc," "The Artist's Grandfather," "Sarah Bernhardt" and "Love in a Village"; there are also twenty illustrations in the text, among them being reproductions of St.-Gaudens's relief portrait of Lepage, and of the artist's pictures of Madame Lebegue, Madame Drouet and his mother.

—We have received from the Berlin Photographic Co. a number of excellently printed photogravures after works by noted German and Swiss artists. A fine portrait of von Uhde, by Leo Samberger, shows this celebrated painter of religious subjects and peasant life as a man still young, keen-eyed and sporting a magnificent mustache. A lake view, by Theodor Meyer, is a very effective composition of fishing-boats, poles, trees on a spit of land, and a vaporous distance. A little girl in a cottage interior, by von Uhde, is probably from a study for a larger picture. Otto Eckmann is represented by a clever and interesting study of a young lady walking by an artificial lake in a snow-covered park; Fritz Stobenta by a moonrise behind a magnificent clump of trees and a white-walled cottage, seen across the dark waters of a canal; and L. von Hoffmann by one of his imaginative drawings, two nude wrestlers on the edge of a cliff.

—Mr. Joe Evans has resigned the office of President of the Art Students' League, which he has filled so acceptably for several years. At the League's annual meeting this week, George W. Breck was elected as his successor, and Allen Tucker and Wilhelmine Walker as Vice-Presidents. Upwards of \$48,000 was received in fees during the year. The League has 1090 students and members.

—The Artists' Fund Society has elected the following officers: George H. Story, President; Seymour J. Guy, Vice-President; Lockwood De Forest, Treasurer; George H. Jewell, Secretary.

—About forty sketches have been received by the Municipal Art Society of New York, in competition for the three prizes offered for the decoration of the Court of Oyer and Terminer in the new Criminal Court Building. The majority of the competitors are New Yorkers, but there are also a few designs from Boston and Washington. Decorators have boldly entered the lists with artists, and it is said that several of the sketches by the former are of high quality. Among the well-known artists competing are Will H. Low, Walter Shirlaw, H. F. Denman, Frank Fowler, Edward E. Simmons and Mrs. Sarah Whitman. The sketches have been hung in the League's room in the Fine Arts Building, and will be exhibited after the awards have been made. The jury held its first meeting on Wednesday evening.

The Drama

"Hamlet" and "Andromaque"

NO TRAGEDIAN, of whatever race, seems to think his repertory complete until he has grappled with the part of Hamlet. M. Mounet-Sully is not an exception, and, like his German, Italian and French predecessors (for Fechter's Hamlet was essentially French, although he played in English), he has the courage of his conception to the point of submitting it to our verdict. We use the word courage advisedly, for there is no stronger proof of the way in which the genius of Shakespeare has penetrated to the very literary marrow of English-speaking people than the jealousy with which we insist on seeing his characters presented as we think he meant them to be shown. Salvini's Othello was a striking instance of this. It was impossible not to be carried away by such a magnificent performance, yet there were those who cared less for his stormy passion in the last acts than for the reserve and dignity of the beginning, which seemed truer to the great general drawn by Shakespeare, although Salvini's rendering was undoubtedly truer to an actual Moor. The sombre countenance of M. Mounet-Sully, which sometimes in repose looks almost like a death-mask, suits the part of Hamlet admirably, and he delivered with dignity the smooth platitudes to which the French rhymed version has reduced the lines with which we are so familiar; but it was not until the scene with his father's ghost that there was anything especially original. In this the stage was so dark that one could hardly make out anything except a faint glimmer on the spectre's armor, and when he adjured his son to avenge his murder, Hamlet gave a strange, low cry of mingled rage and triumph at the confirmation of his own suspicions, which was curiously effective. It is clear that M. Mounet-Sully considers Hamlet to have been nervous and hysterical, but not really insane, and his feigned madness was remarkable, because it had touches of broad comedy which were thoroughly in the manner of the Elizabethan drama. There were good details in the scene of the play within a play; but the business of slashing holes with his dagger in Ophelia's fan and staring at the King through the slits, seemed forced and trivial, and in the scene with his mother he was too noisy. But at Ophelia's grave he was dignified and quiet, and in the last act, admirable. From the beginning of their fencing bout, we are made to feel that Hamlet distrusts his opponent, and when he knocks the foil from Laertes's hand, he quickly puts his foot on it, and offers his own foil instead, looking straight into his antagonist's eyes, thus giving him no alternative but to take it, and leave Hamlet to pick up and

use the poisoned weapon. There was another fine moment just before the end, when the King and Queen were both dead, and he stood above the empty throne, with the light of satisfied revenge gone from his face, and nothing left but a deep disgust of the life so near its close. The Ophelia of Mme. Segond-Weber was a conscientious piece of work and no more; but then, Ophelia, like Desdemona, is not a heroine for whom we are meant to feel anything beyond pity for a weak thing crushed by the weight of adverse fate.

In Racine's great play, however, the actress had full scope for all that is best in her talent, and her Hermione was a figure not soon to be forgotten. In appearance she was strikingly like the portraits of Rachel in classic dress, and the rapid changes from one strong emotion to another were rendered with passion and sincerity. M. Mounet-Sully's Orestes was good in parts, notably when, coming as ambassador to his rival Pyrrhus, he stood before him, rigidly calm, but with tense features and gleaming eyes, and again when, maddened by Hermione's taunts, he consented to become a mere base assassin; but in the last act he was too vehement and realistic in his madness to be very impressive. Andromaque is an impossible play for the supporting company of a star, because it requires four great actors, and, although they did their best, Mme. Guyon and M. Segond were terribly overweighted by the parts of Andromache and Pyrrhus.

Notes

THE TITLE of the new book of Napoleoniana announced for publication in America by the Messrs. Appleton is "Memoirs to Serve for the History of Napoleon I., from 1802 to 1815." The author, his private secretary, Baron Claude-François de Méneval, was born in Paris in 1778, and died in the same city in 1850. The work, completed by the addition of unpublished documents, has been arranged and edited by his grandson, Baron Napoleon Joseph de Méneval. Mr. Robert H. Sherard is translating and annotating the edition for English-speaking countries. The work will be in three volumes, with photogravure portraits and reproductions of autograph letters.

—The assignment of Samuel L. Clemens, known all over the world as "Mark Twain," and his partner, Frederick J. Hall, composing the firm of Chas. L. Webster & Co., book publishers, at 67 Fifth Ave., was filed in the County Clerk's office late on Wednesday. The assignee is Bainbridge Colby, of No. 40 Wall Street. The assignment was without preferences, the deed being signed by Mr. Clemens. It came as a surprise to nearly all who heard of it, and it is hoped by everyone that the firm will soon be in shape to resume its business, which consisted mainly in the publication of the writings of Mark Twain himself.

—John Oliver Hobbes, we hear, is collaborating on a play with George Moore—a play founded on her latest story, "A Bundle of Life." There is not much material for a play in Mrs. Craigie's clever little volume, though there is a good deal of sparkling dialogue.

—Dr. W. J. Rolfe of Cambridge will take charge of the Department of English Literature in the Sauveur Summer School at Amherst this season. His chief work will be the explanation and practical illustration of what he regards as the best methods of studying and teaching English literature in all grades of schools. A series of lectures on Shakespeare and other literary topics will be given in the afternoon, in addition to the practical talks and lessons in the morning. Dr. Rolfe's aim will be to make the course thoroughly practical, and at the same time interesting and profitable to persons who may take it merely as a literary recreation.

—Funk & Wagnalls Co. promise for May "Isabella of Castile," by Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard, and "John Brown and his Men," by Col. Richard J. Hinton—the final volume in the American Reformers Series.

—The spring season of Italian opera at the Metropolitan Opera House was opened by a performance of "Faust" with the "ideal cast"; and this was followed by "Carmen," with Calvé. Mme. Calvé has just received the score of a new one-act opera, by Massenet, called "La Navarraise," composed especially for her. The libretto is by Jules Claretie, and is founded upon his remarkable and tragic story, "La Cigarette," published in the Christmas *Figaro* a few years ago. "La Navarraise" will have its first production at Covent Garden Theatre in June. Mme. Calvé has accepted an invitation to sing "Mignon" in the one-thousandth performance of that opera at the Paris Opéra Comique on May 6. A reception to M. Ambrose Thomas will be given in the foyer of the theatre on this occasion.

—A copy of Thackeray's "Flora et Zephyr" was recently sold in London for 99s. Copies of the Abbotsford Edition of Scott's works continue to turn up in the English auction-rooms, with a constant decline in value.

—The cheap "libraries" and series (some of them, at least) have done untold good in bringing within the reach of even the very poor the masterpieces of English literature. In nearly all of the principal cities in this country may be found to-day publishing-houses devoted to supplying the masses with cheap books. The civilizing influence of this branch of the publishing trade was officially recognized in the law of March 3, 1879, authorizing the Post-Office Department to receive the paper-bound or unbound books of such "libraries," coming out weekly or semi-monthly, as periodicals, and to transport them as second-class matter, or, as it is usually expressed, at pound rates. It is now rumored that the present heads of the Department propose to have a change made, if possible, bringing these books into the third class of mail-matter, on which book-postage is paid. As the publishers of these cheap books work on a small margin of profit, this additional charge would stop their business effectively, and deprive the poor of the best form of enjoyment open to them. Another side of the question is the labor involved in the manufacture of these books, which would be added to the mass of the unemployed; and a third is the fact that the Post-Office Department would gain nothing by the change.

—The title of Mrs. Burton Harrison's story, "A Bachelor Girl," has been changed to "A Bachelor Maid," some one else having already used the former. If, as Mr. Spofford says, there is no copyright in a title, why should not Mrs. Harrison keep the first and better name? The story will be begun in the July *Century*, and will be published in book-form by the Century Co. next fall.

—The proposed statue of Heine continues to be a much-discussed subject in Germany. Public opinion is turning against the project, especially since Felix Dahn and other writers have accused him of degrading German literature with licentious poems and Frenchified prose.

—"As to repetitive titles," writes a correspondent, "was not Miss Mulock's 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' published in 1856, the father of the family?"

—The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship is to give a course of lectures in the Old South Church. The first, by Prof. Edward S. Morse, will be on "The White City"; the others will be on "Boards of Beauty," by C. Howard Walker; "Municipal Art," by Edmund Hudson; "Art Museums and the People," by Ernest F. Fenollosa; "Art in the Public Schools," by Percival Chubb; and "Boston, the City of God," by the Rev. Charles C. Ames.

—The biography of David Garrick, upon which Mr. Joseph Knight, the well-known English dramatic critic, has been engaged for some time, will be published soon, with an etched portrait of the actor from a painting by Gainsborough not hitherto engraved.

—Mr. John Jacob Astor has followed his transatlantic cousin into the realms of fiction. D. Appleton & Co. are about to issue a novel from his pen, entitled "A Journey in Other Worlds: a Romance of the Future," the scene of which is laid on this earth and on the planets Jupiter and Saturn, in the year two thousand. Aerial navigation plays a great part in the story, and Mr. Astor has made a liberal use of the possibilities of applied science generally.

—In a note on Norwich as the scene of "The Heavenly Twins," published in *The Critic* of last week, mention was made of the tenor who committed suicide in the clerestory of the Cathedral, in consequence whereof there was talk of its being "reconstructed." The talk was of its being "reconsecrated."

—Mr. G. Robinson Lees, the English author of "Jerusalem Illustrated," has been banished from that city, on account of certain statements made in his book that displeased the Turkish authorities. All discoverable copies of the work were seized.

—A volunteer performance is to be given at Palmer's or the Garden Theatre, on Friday evening next, April 27, for the benefit of Good Government Club D, of 56 West 33d Street—the club that sent Mr. Sheffield to the Legislature, last fall. The affair is under the patronage of many well-known women, and a highly interesting entertainment is promised. Miss Julia Marlowe and Robert Taber are pledged to appear in a scene from "Romeo and Juliet"; and the coöperation is hoped for of John Drew and Miss Adams, M. Coquelin, Mr. Grossmith and possibly Joseph Jefferson.

—A man giving the name of George Bennett was arrested last week on complaint of a clerk of E. P. Dutton & Co.'s, charged with stealing books. The booksellers were first put on their guard by second-hand dealers, to whom the man had offered books for sale.

—The coming retirement of Prof. Henry Drisler of Columbia College will be celebrated most fittingly. Mention has already been made in *The Critic* of the volume prepared by Prof. Drisler's former students. In addition to this, there will be a reception to the retiring Dean by the Alumni Association; it has also been resolved

to strike a gold medal in commemoration of his fifty years' services to the College. The design consists of the heads of Homer and Virgil in profile, in allusion to Dr. Disler's scholarship in both Greek and Latin. The Trustees have decided to establish a fellowship, of the value of \$500 a year, to be known as "The Henry Disler Fellowship in Classical Philology."

—Count Adolph Frederick von Schack, the author of several works on the Moors and Arabs and a number of historical dramas, died at Munich on April 16, leaving his large picture-gallery to Emperor William, on condition that it be added to the Berlin Museum.

—Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne, the author of "Gossip of the Century," died recently in London. The list of her works includes "Flemish Interiors," "A Glance Behind the Grilles," "Realities of Paris Life," "Undercurrents Overlooked," "Red, White and Blue," "Gheel, the City of the Simple," "Ste. Perez, the City of the Single," "Cosas de España," "Pictures of Hungarian Life," "Curiosities of the Search Room" and "De Omnibus Rebus." Only two volumes of "Gossip of the Century" have thus far appeared.

—Our English exchanges announce another volume of Mr. Ruskin's letters. The letters were addressed to the late M. Ernest Chesneau, whose work on "The English School of Painting" Mr. Ruskin "introduced" some few years ago. They are being edited by Mr. T. J. Wise, who will issue them for private circulation only.

—Roberts Bros. have added to the handy Columbian Knowledge Series, edited by Prof. Todd of Amherst, and begun with Mrs. Todd's "Total Eclipses of the Sun," a book on "Public Libraries in America," by William I. Fletcher, Librarian of Amherst College, who will also have a volume, apart from the series, on "Library Classification." They have nearly ready "Wayside Sketches," by Eben J. Loomis.

—The Uncut Leaves Society gave its last reading of the season last Saturday, at Sherry's. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett read a selection from an unfinished novel, Miss Kate Jordan and Mr. Gilbert Parker read short stories, and Mr. John D. Barry recited a number of poems by Mr. Stephen Crane, who was present, but too modest to do so himself.

—A novel by the Archduchess Stephanie of Austria has been published in Vienna, and "has been received with considerable favor by the aristocracy"—as it was bound to be. This is her first attempt at fiction, but a book of travel from her pen was published

some time ago, and she also took an active part in the compilation of "Austro-Hungary in Pen and Picture," in which the late Archduke Rudolph was deeply interested.

The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

QUESTIONS

1743.—Was it a Greek idea that those who served their country in war should be forgiven all civil unworthiness? Can you give the author and reference?

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

E. R. B.

1744.—Where was Augustus St. Gaudens born? To what school of art does he belong? What are his chief works?

PARIS, FRANCE.

S. M. S.

[Mr. St. Gaudens was born in Dublin on March 1, 1848, of a French father and an Irish mother, who brought him to New York when he was six months old. It can hardly be said that he belongs to any school, being a very independent master himself, but he studied art in France. His principal works are the statues of Admiral Farragut, in Madison Square, New York; of President Lincoln, in Lincoln Park, Chicago; the statue of the Puritan, at Springfield; the monument to Mrs. Henry Adams, at Washington; the statue of Columbus in the Court of Honor at the World's Fair; a statue of Peter Cooper, for New York, and a monument to Robert G. Shaw, for Boston. The two last-named are not quite completed, the Cooper being in the bronze-founder's hands and the Shaw still at the sculptor's studio.]

1745.—Where can this quotation be found:—"He kept the bird in his bosom"?

ANNAPOLIS, MD.

E. W. L.

ANSWERS

1740.—Mr. John Bartlett of Cambridge, Mass., writes me that he has a presentation copy of Dr. Parsons's "Magnolia," 1866 (privately printed), and that the verses on Thackeray are not included therein.

PHILADELPHIA.

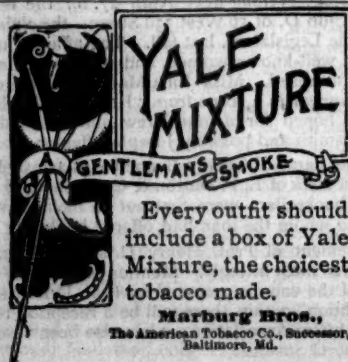
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Publications Received

Abbott, C. C. Travels in a Tree-Top. \$1.25.
Benson, E. F. The Rubicon. \$1.
Bibliographica. Part I.
Biggs, F. H. Reformatory Institutions. 25c.
Bridges, R. Overheard in Arcady. \$1.25.
Bright, W. Waymarks in Church History.
Coring, J. L. Pain. \$1.75.
Drawing, Questions and Answers in. 25c.
Dudgton, M. Adventures in Algiers.
Francis, H. R. Junius Revealed.
Gibson, F. M. The Amateur Telescopicist's Handbook.
Gilder, R. W. Civic Patriotism.
Gore, C. Incarnation of the Son of God. \$1.50.
Governmental Maps for use in Schools.
Greek Vase Paintings. \$10.
Green, Mrs. J. R. Town Life in the Fifteenth Century. Vols. I-II. \$5.
Herron, G. D. The Christian Society. \$1.
Horne, H. P. The Binding of Books.
Hubbard, E. Forbes of Harvard. 50c.
Hubbard, E. One Day: A Tale of the Prairies.
Iverach, J. Christianity and Evolution. \$1.75.
Larned, J. N. History for Ready Reference. Vol. I. Springfield, Mass.: C. A. Nichols Co.
Lytton, Lord. Lucile. Selected Poems. 1 vol. each.
MacLaren, A. Gospel of St. Luke.
Marshall, H. R. Pain, Pleasure and Aesthetics. \$3.
Mathers, H. A Man of To-Day. \$1.

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Rand, McNally & Co.'s Pocket Maps of Arkansas, North Dakota and Ontario. 25c. each.
Rees, J. D. The Muhammadans.
Reigh, R. Popular Frauds and Ignored Truths. 25c.
Scott, W. The Betrothed. The Highland Widow. \$1.25.
Smith, J. O. Donald Moncrieff.
Smith, J. O. The Mayor of Kanaseta.
Speight, T. W. Burgo's Romance. \$1.
Steel, F. A. The Flowers of Forgiveness. \$1.
Stevens, C. E. Sources of the Constitution of the U. S. \$1.50.
Stockton, F. R. Ardis Claverden. \$1.50.
Swinton, W. First Lessons in our Country's History. 48c.
Tariff and Administrative Customs Acts of 1890.
Thompson, W. Nature Series: Popular Lectures and Addresses. \$2.
Tomkinson, W. The Diary of a Cavalry Officer.
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Weed, C. M. Spraying Crops. 25c.
Wenckebach, C. Meisterwerke des Mittelalters. \$1.30.
Weyman, S. J. Under the Red Robe.
Woods, K. F. The Face of Christ.
Wylie, J. H. History of England under Henry IV. Vols. I-II. Longmans, Green & Co.
Philadelphia: I. Kohler.
Longmans, Green & Co.
G. W. Dillingham.
Macmillan & Co.
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Longmans, Green & Co.
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American Book Co.
Washington: Government Printing Office.
Macmillan & Co.
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Part I., now ready, contains the following articles:

A COPY of CELSUS from the LIBRARY of GROlier. W. Y. FLETCHER.
CHRISTINA of SWEDEN and HER BOOKS. CHARLES I. ELTON.

RAOUL LEFEVRE and 'Le RECUEIL des Histoires de TROYE.' H. OSKAR SOMMER.

NAMES and NOTES in BOOKS. ANDREW LANG.

The ACCIPIES WOODCUT. R. PROCTOR.
La BIBLIOPHILIE MODERNE. OCTAVE UZANNE.

THOINAN'S 'Les RELIEURS FRANCAIS.' MISS PRIDEAUX.

The STATIONERS at the SIGN of the TRINITY. E. GORDON DUFF.

The BOOKS of HOURS of GEOFFROY TORV. ALFRED W. POLLARD.

NOTICES:—1. Dr. Kristeller on Italian Printers' Marks. 2. Mr. Gosse's Catalogue and its Stevensoniana.

A special feature in the Magazine will be the admission of articles in French as well as English. The Publishers have already secured the co-operation of M. Octave Uzanne, M. Henri Bérardi, and Mlle. Pelletet, and arrangements are being made with other foreign writers and specialists.

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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

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